

# THE HASTINGS CONSERVER.

HASTINGS, DAKOTA COUNTY, MINNESOTA, TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1865.

\$2 00 PER YEAR.

VOLUME V.--NO. 9.

## THE CONSERVER.

BY IRVING TODD & BRO.



Single copies of THE CONSERVER may be obtained at this office, or at the Bookstore. Price Five Cents.

TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1865.

**Who Shall be our Next Governor?**  
Already we perceive that several of our state papers are discussing the above question, and two of our high officials—the present incumbent and the secretary of state—have declined the honor in advance, the former alleging pecuniary reasons, the latter his intention of retiring to private life. So far all very well. It will do no harm to discuss the matter, even at this early hour, and it will have a tendency to somewhat prepare the minds of the people for the action of the convention.

The exchanges are offering their views in their own peculiar style. The *Central Republican*, of course, is down on each and every probable and possible candidate, and is not at all mincing or choice in language. The *Press* is non-committal, and considerably open for bids. The *Pioneer* like a sly fox, is ever on the alert and taking advantage of the missteps of its political opponents.

As for ourselves, we have no particular preference nor any particular candidate to bring forward. Common sense is a very necessary qualification for the office, and if some good, sound, practical man be nominated and elected, we shall be satisfied, as we have no doubt a majority of the electors of the state will be.

**The Home Insurance Company.**  
Mr. W. A. Wells, the general agent of this company, made us a visit last week. From him we learn that they have been doing a large and safe business, and will be enabled to make an excellent showing at the end of the year. Their total accumulation is \$50,175. The number of policies which have been issued are 3,765, and the number of losses paid twenty-three.

As its name indicates it is emphatically a home company, taking no risks outside the state. Another excellent peculiarity is that they insure farm or detached buildings, and on no consideration does a single risk cover \$2,000. It is evident that there can be no safer method of conducting an insurance business than this, and it cannot, of course, fail to meet with support.

The following are the officers elected, all responsible and reliable men, and will use every exertion to promote the welfare of their company:

J. W. Webb, President.  
J. H. Stewart, Vice President.  
E. S. Edwards, Treasurer.  
W. A. Wells, General Agent.  
L. S. Olson, Secretary.

**Speech of Dr. A. G. Mackey.**  
We devote a large portion of the second page of this issue to a speech by this gentleman made at a public reception recently given him by the masons of New York. It will be read with much interest, not only by the fraternity, but the rest of the world, and is deserving of attention. As one of the great lights of masonry, it comes from authority beyond question.

By the St. Paul papers of Sunday it seems that the order of mustering out the 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th regiments has been revoked by the war department. Gov. Miller has written the secretary of war concerning the matter, and faint hopes are entertained of its success. Should it not thus prove, the men would have to remain in service until October.

The *Commercial's* special says President Johnson has fully decided in favor of permitting our soldiers to retain their arms used in battle, as honorable reminiscences and heirlooms of their services.

The bill to submit to the people of Connecticut the question of extending to colored men the right of suffrage has passed the legislature of that state. The proposition will doubtless be affirmed.

The prospect of a Union between the Presbyterians of the Old School and those of the New School are not so favorable as they were last year.

The rapidity with which President Johnson dispatches public business is remarked by all who visit the executive office.

### State News.

**FIRE.**—The steam saw mill of Howe & Co., at Red Wing, and one thousand cords of wood were burned on Wednesday last. Loss \$20,000; no insurance.

**STILL THEY COME.**—A continuous and steady stream of immigration pours into this country, composed of people from the States as well as the European countries. They select and locate upon homesteads, and go to work at once. A large party of Indians are about establishing a colony near Alexandria.—*St. Cloud Democrat.*

**BODY FOUND.**—The body of Samuel Albrecht, drowned some weeks ago, was found on the lake shore, near Buck's Coulee, on last Saturday morning. The coroner was notified, and an inquest held. The jury returned a verdict, in substance, that the deceased came to his death by voluntarily drowning himself.—*Lake City Times.*

We regret to learn that the work of building the Winona and St. Peter Railroad west of Rochester has been suspended and most of the laborers discharged. We understand the cause to be some disappointment in the purchase of iron; also the high price of that material is an objection to purchasing at present. We hope the work will be resumed before the close of summer.—*Winona Republican.*

**I. O. O. F.**—On Wednesday, June 7th, the Grand Lodge of Old Fellows is to convene in annual session in this city. This is in accordance with a change in the constitution made last year, so as to have the annual session this month instead of in November, as heretofore, owing to the unpleasant weather at that season of the year, which frequently prevented delegates from country lodges from attending.—*Pioneer.*

We have two suggestions to make. One is that it is better to make preparations for an old-fashioned celebration of the Fourth of July. The other is that our citizens take one or two shares in the proposed scheme for paying off the national debt. Red Wing can give \$20,000 towards it. The work has been started with great promise of success in New York and other cities. Let the smaller cities and towns also do it. It is not impracticable. The national debt can be paid in three months' time.—*Republican.*

**Good Move.**—Some of our most influential citizens are talking of organizing themselves into a mutual protection society, for the purpose of recovering stolen horses, and ferreting out the rascals who may steal them. Similar associations are quite common in the more western states, and have proved highly successful in breaking up gangs of lawless men engaged in stealing horses. We see no reason why we should not have a similar association, and have it equally efficient; surely there is need of doing something to recover horse flesh more secure than it appears to be at present in this locality.—*State Atlas.*

Mr. Robertson, superintendent of the northwestern telegraph company, has been in town for a few days past, delegated with authority from the company to offer to our citizens the construction of a telegraph line from Hastings via Prescott, Hudson, and this place, to St. Paul. The company require a bonus of about twenty-five hundred dollars from the people on the proposed line, which makes the proposition for Stillwater about fifteen hundred dollars. Nearly thirteen hundred dollars have already been subscribed, and there is hardly a reasonable doubt that the balance will be subscribed. Our business men have long felt the need of telegraphic communication, and have shown their appreciation of its value by liberal subscriptions.—*Stillwater Messenger.*

Charles J. Colchester, who has been for some time practicing in Rochester, N. Y., as a spiritual medium, has been prosecuted by the revenue authorities for refusing to take a license as a juggler. He offered to take a medium's license, but this was refused. He was arrested and taken before a court, where, after examination, he was released. The questions involved in the case are grave! Should the medium take out the license or the spirits? Should not the latter pay taxes? Should they not be charged according to their spheres? Should there be a discrimination as to spirits "above proof" and spirits below, as in the case law. These are problems that puzzle the tax gatherer.

It is said that a review of the teachings, philosophy, and prophecies of *The London Times*, respecting the struggle in this country with treason, is soon to be published in England. It will consist largely of extracts from the Thunderer, and will be a curious and exceedingly entertaining work, in which the ignorance of and prejudice against the great republic will appear in very inconsistent and ridiculous attitudes.

Gen. Sherman was offered the choice of Cincinnati, Louisville, Nashville, or St. Louis, in which to establish his future headquarters. He has chosen Cincinnati.

Hundreds of officers and soldiers of our army are going into business in towns along the railroad radiating from Memphis.

The army of paymasters is depleting. Several scores of these officials have been dropped from the rolls.

### Paris Fashions.

The Magazine de Deuil, a la Sebastien, 10 rue de la Paix, now shows a magnificent collection of mourning materials for the warm weather. The large taffetas is a new this season, intended to be lined with silk, which gives it the appearance of a woolen material, thus rendering it suitable for grand deuil, when flosses or trimmings of any description are not allowed. A lighter shade of mourning is the velours chamois, a heavier material, adapted for temperate weather. Then again, there are the gauze deuil, and the bare canvas, airy chamber, and others of delicate cut of line and silver gray. There also may be found a varied collection of black embroidered shawls, and mourning lingerie of all kinds.

At Violand's, 3 rue de Choiseul, every variety of lace, whether for flosses, neckties, demi-pointes, or collarettes, is to be found. The latest novelty in lace is the necktie, of which the ends are wide and rounded. These of point d'Angleterre and point d'Alencon are most expensive and elegant; others more showy, are of Chantille lace, embroidered with either steel or jet beads. For summer wear, the steel or jet embroidery is replaced by straw, worked in dots on the lace.

The latest style of collar is fastened with the collar and necktie in one, the necktie falling as bands; the materials are either lace or embroidered muslin bordered with lace, or the plainest fashion of hemstitched cambric.

For spring toilettes the foulard silk, polido chevre, mohair, and laines are the vogue. These generally are decorated at one side of the skirt with trimming that in other days was called quiltes. For full dress, carriage or visiting costume, wide black velvet sash, fringed with chenille, are worn upon the skirt, and the corsage is decorated with black velvet braids, the velvet being often worked with beads.

We see also very pretty trimmings, composed partly of straw and partly of velvet, for *poil de chevre* and other spring materials. There is also the *tau de paille*, dotted over with stars or with small crosses of black velvet, and used to decorate the bodice, epaulettes, borders of the sleeves and waist-bands of spring dresses. Some of our stylish modistes are endeavoring to introduce the ugly bonnets of the empire and the restoration, but even the most eccentric of Parisian ladies hesitate to adopt the flimsy and unbecoming round-trimmed and stove-piped (*rayure de poile*) shaped coiffures which disfigure the faces of the early years of this century. As yet the preference is given to the small *franchon* (half handkerchief) bonnet, the front of which is very small and generally composed of lace, tulle, and flowers. The crown being replaced by a fall of tulle or lace, which shades the face, and the hair, without concealing them. Crin, rice straw, and the fine soft Belgian straw will be employed for the front of summer bonnets.

The indictment found against Jefferson Davis by the grand jury for the District of Columbia is published at length, and much length it is—occupying about two ordinary newspaper columns. It sets forth in all the possible variety of expression and prolixity of detail for which such documents are famous. Jefferson Davis is indicted and charged with the crime of treason, and the indictment is a masterpiece of legal and literary composition. It is a masterpiece of legal and literary composition. It is a masterpiece of legal and literary composition.

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### The Empty White House.

I am sitting in the President's office. He was here very lately, but he will not return to dispose of this high backed chair he filled so long, nor resume his daily work at the table where I am writing.

There are here only Major Hay and the friend that accompanies me. A bright faced boy runs in and out, dark like the night, and his face is pale as the only relief to his mourning garb. This is Tad, the pet of the White House. The great death, with which the world rings, has made upon him only the light impression which all things make on childhood. He will live to be a man pointed out everywhere, for his father's sake; and as folks look at him, the tall-oval of the murder will seem to enclose him.

The room is long and high, and so thickly hung with maps that the color of the wall can not be discerned. The President's table, at which I am seated, adjoins a window at the farthest corner; and to the left of my chair, as I look away Mr. Lincoln's private effects, to deposit them whereabout used to assemble. The carpets are trodden-in, and the brilliancy of its dyes are lost. The furniture is of the formal cabinet class, stately and semi-comfortable; there are book-cases, sprinkled with the names of a country lawyer, but lately plucked, like the thin body which has departed in its coffin. They are the king away Mr. Lincoln's private effects, to deposit them whereabout used to assemble. The carpets are trodden-in, and the brilliancy of its dyes are lost. The furniture is of the formal cabinet class, stately and semi-comfortable; there are book-cases, sprinkled with the names of a country lawyer, but lately plucked, like the thin body which has departed in its coffin. 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## THE CONSERVER.

IRVING TODD & BRO.,  
Proprietors.  
127 N. 2ND ST.  
NEW YORK.

Speech of Dr. A. G. Mackey.  
A public reception of Albert G. Mackey, esq., of Charleston, S. C., took place at the Academy of Music, New York, on the 20th ult. The speech of the doctor, in response to the address, was as follows:

M. Worshippful Sir, Friends, and Brethren:  
Four years ago I was in this city under circumstances very different from those which accompany my present visit.

The ordinance of secession had been passed by the convention of South Carolina and the state, it was supposed, had been taken out of the Union. At that time my home in the South was happy and prosperous. Commerce had filled the seas with the ships of our common country. The wharves and docks of my native city were crowded with vessels which had come freighted with the commodities of other nations to administer to the comforts and necessities of its inhabitants, or were being laden with the rich productions of our own fertile soil, to be borne away to the distant shores.

Our streets were thronged with busy crowds in pursuit of honest and industrious vocations; our merchants and men of business were acquiring wealth, or had already attained its acquisition; professional men were in the receipt of liberal incomes; citizens were well paid for their services, and even our laborers, although toiling in the fields, were in the enjoyment of all the luxuries which wealth can supply. None of them were without the comfort which honest labor can obtain; and the people were refined and polished in their manners, hospitable and generous in their customs—where the stranger was entertained with welcome and parted from with regret—where everything indicative of civilization, of public and private prosperity, with a surrounding region of highly cultivated farms—abundance everywhere and want nowhere.

I came to you, then, from an ancient city teeming with busy life and profitable labor, with sixty thousand inhabitants, some of whom were in the enjoyment of all the luxuries which wealth can supply—none of them were without the comfort which honest labor can obtain; and the people were refined and polished in their manners, hospitable and generous in their customs—where the stranger was entertained with welcome and parted from with regret—where everything indicative of civilization, of public and private prosperity, with a surrounding region of highly cultivated farms—abundance everywhere and want nowhere.

I came to you *now* from that same city, but, alas, how changed. Her people have fled, her streets are silent. Her peaceful configurations have been destroyed. Her dwellings, while still standing, have been despoiled of their contents, and the poor, the aged, and the infirm, an orphan host, almost for a century, the just pride of the city, gave refuge, support, and education to the foundling and the fatherless. Everything gave token of present prosperity and future growth.

This prosperous condition of the city was but an exponent of the corresponding prosperity not only of the rest of the state, but of the whole South. The planters were accumulating fortunes from the skillful and experienced cultivation of that plant, which they vainly gloriously assumed to be the king of commerce and of politics. The farmers were reveling in the abundant productions of a fertile soil and genial climate, and everywhere labor met with rich reward.

But above all, the political condition of our country was blessed beyond the wishes or the demands of the most exacting. A long continued peace of nearly half a century, interrupted only once during that happy period by a few conflicts on the distant fields of Mexico, in which an incommensurable fraction of our population had been engaged, had filled the land with rest and quiet. Laws were enacted by our own responsible agents for the protection rather than for the control of the people, and a mild and benign government—the mildest and the most benignant that the world had ever witnessed—conspicuous only by its tender operation and its happy results, gave to our country the position of a peaceful and happy nation.

Since the glorious contest of '76 our country had grown rapidly and persistently in wealth and power—its resources of every kind were inexhaustible—its people were free—its institutions were popular—its flag floated over every sea and was seen in every part of the civilized world, honored by the good and feared by the lawless, as it had been in eighty years from the insignificant condition of thirteen dependent colonies to a proud position among the powers of Christendom.

In that eloquent lyrical effusion to which the lawgiver of Israel gave utterance when like the wise and good man, he had been so basely slain by the desert hands, he had been brought in sight of the promised land of peace and deliverance, only to see it and to die—he describes the mercy of God to his wandering people in language which may well be appropriated to our own condition at the outbreak of the rebellion.

"He made him ride on the high places of the earth, that he might eat the increase of the field; and he made him to suck honey of the rock and oil out of the flinty rock."

But Israel, like the South, was not content with her prosperity, for the patriarch tells us that "Jehshurun waxed fat, and kicked, and shook God, as it had scorned him, and lightly esteemed the rock of his salvation."

Oh, my dear native land! loved, even with all thy errors, loved every other spot of earth, why didst thou not forget the merciful handwork of Him who gave thee thy bright skies, thy sunny fields, thy happy homesteads, thy men brave and hospitable, thy women chaste and refined, thy memories of the past in which there was all glory; thy enjoyment of the present, in which there was all prosperity; thy prospect of the future, which there was all hope? why didst thou, too, like ungrateful Israel, become vain glorious of thy very prosperity and restive under thy blessing? Why didst thou forget the political rock of thy salvation—the Union—which cemented thy strength, the constitution—which insured liberty and peace at home; and the flag—which gave protection and glory abroad?

Coming to you after a four years' residence in the very cradle of the rebellion, and cheered by you with this fraternal welcome for a loyalty which I cannot boast, since it was but the instinct of my nature, it will be expected

that I should say something of the scenes of desolation to which I have so long been compelled to gaze, and it seems almost impossible to restrain my tears when relating the fall of his Troy to the Queen of Carthage, how shall I control my emotions when I describe the woes and devastation of the home of all my kindred, the state in which my forefathers lived, and the city in which I was born, and had hoped to die?

When I visited you, I came to you whirled by the rapid rail car over fields which busy laborers were preparing for the corn and the cotton which were to bring comfort and competence to their cultivators; across streams on whose placid waters floated barks which were to carry to their owners the rich productions of these interior granaries; through cities whose streets were populous with human life and industry; by homesteads in pleasant valleys, or under umbrageous hills, where the curling smoke from rustic chimneys indicated peace and comfort.

I came to you now across the surging waters of the ocean. The railroads have been destroyed and the fields have been devastated by contending armies—the rivers bear on their waters only the dilapidated frame work of bridges which, constructed at rare cost and skill, have been ruthlessly burned to check an advance or to secure a retreat. The towns and villages give no echo of human labor—all there is still and silent as the city of the Orientals.

The smoke of the homesteads comes only from their burning rafters, and the hills and the valleys are in the blood that has flown from fratricidal conflict. I came to you, then, from an ancient city teeming with busy life and profitable labor, with sixty thousand inhabitants, some of whom were in the enjoyment of all the luxuries which wealth can supply—none of them were without the comfort which honest labor can obtain; and the people were refined and polished in their manners, hospitable and generous in their customs—where the stranger was entertained with welcome and parted from with regret—where everything indicative of civilization, of public and private prosperity, with a surrounding region of highly cultivated farms—abundance everywhere and want nowhere.

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the dawn of day on the memorable 12th of April I readied the shores of the city of Charleston. Soldiers were on the car, and the train was stopped for a few minutes before we reached the station, that they might disembark in the open fields. Enraptured with my continuous journey of a week, and anxious to reach my home, now so near, and from which I had been so long absent, I impatiently awaited for the morning train into the depot.

At that moment a strange and unaccounted sound smote upon my ear. Strange and unaccounted then, but since, alas! become too familiar. The morning breezes brought across the placid harbor and over the sleeping city the boom of a solitary cannon. Were it to live the period of an æolian harp, I could never forget that awful sound. It was the first shot fired by a rebellious hand at the walls of Sumter. The tragedy of carnage then began. The fountain of bitterness was then opened, whence streams of blood were to flow until our whole unhappy land had been incarnadined with fraternal gore.

On that memorable day, in the gray twilight of an April morning, such as our southern clime is wont to see, when the rising sun was driving with his increasing light the fading stars from their thrones, when the air was balmy and redolent with the perfume of flowers; when all around, save human passion, was still and calm and serene, and the heart of the rebel was beating in the land; that brother should be turned into the conflict of arms; that the plowshare should be turned into the sword; that treason for a season should flourish; and that for four long years of tribulation the nation should weep for its sins in wars of blood.

Two days I watched from the projecting balcony of a friend's house on the river side the attack on Sumter. I saw the brave garrison—a mere handful of doomed men—boldly and defiantly return at distant intervals the fire poured upon their solitary stronghold from nineteen surrounding batteries. And at length, oh, day of woe unparelleled, I saw the flag of my country, with its "thousand stripes and bright stars," sink from its lofty eminence in token of the temporary submission of loyalty to treason. I wept; my manhood does not blush at the confession—for what patriot could have restrained his tears.

But the day of retribution came at last, and four years afterward I was within the crumpled walls of the same remote fort, and saw the same brave man, who, by force of superior numbers and the pressure of a want of food and ammunition had been compelled to hand it up, once more with his own hands lift it to the staff level where it spread its folds to the same serene sky which has seen its fall without one stripe abridged of its fair proportions—the glorious star obliterated from its azure field. And, as it rose in mid air amid the acclamations of a thousand loyal hearts, I saw that it was accompanied by a wreath of evergreens and roses, placed there by the hands of my wife and daughters, to do honor to the old flag of their country, which for four long bitter years of rebellion, they, with their husbands and their father, had in secret love and cherished.

Ye, who, during all this long, have lived where that ensign has been flying from every mast and spire, from house-top and staff-head—ye, who have seen it daily, and hourly until, perhaps, you have sometimes wearied at the too frequent gaze, can have no sense of the deep love and adoration felt by a Southern heart for that ensign which was torn to display it, for the good old flag of his fathers.

From the day that it sank beneath the parapet of Sumter, to the hour when it again spread its folds on the same spot to the breeze, my roof has ever been guarded by that glorious standard. Deposited in its hiding-place, some sacred relic, it daily fastened my eyes and those of my children with its beautiful symbolism of our national life. And when the prowess of American loyalty would achieve some victory over treason our little Union club would assemble at my house, or at that of some friend, and with locked doors and closed windows, it would be withdrawn from its sacred shrine, while, with glittering eyes and beating hearts, we would look with love and reverence upon the symbol of our nation's greatness and Union.

To the unionists imprisoned for years, not it is true within a Louisiana dungeon, but just as securely beneath the open sky, within the military lines of the confederacy—line stronger than a wall of adamant, and more impassable than bolts and bars, it was as if that flag were left to cheer us in our forced seclusion—it was revered as the pious Catholic reveres the image of his patron saint, and we waited patiently and hopefully and trustfully for the time when the same promise should be redeemed, not of a confederacy, threatening at any moment to be broken into discordant fragments, but of an eternal nationality, univided and indivisible.

[The speaker here displayed the flag he had brought from Charleston. Its appearance was greeted with six hearty cheers.]

My flag is with me still—it has been the companion of all my days and nights of longing for political redemption. It is here, and thus I spread it to your gaze on this free land, with no fear before me of arrest, imprisonment, or penalty for the patriotic act—it will be with me, I trust, through life, and when I shall have reached the end of my earthly pilgrimage it seems to me that my mortal body would rest better in its grave if the folds of this flag were its shroud.

It was the sight of this flag—the memories of the past which it recalled, and the hope of the future which it suggested, that aroused every Southern unionist to withstand the pressure of the social influences which surrounded him—that made him deaf to the seductions of emolument from treason as well as to

the indignities of insult from traitors; that made him, in its darkest hour of peril, love still more for the dangers through which it was passing, the country which that banner represented.

In weal or woe, in triumph or defeat, we never faltered in our attachment. Proclamations could not frighten us; dispatches could not deceive us. We bided our time and waited for the day when our flag might be taken from their hiding places, and boldly flaunted to the breeze. We knew that the hour must come when loyalty would conquer, for the prayers of hundreds of humble devotees were daily ascending as an acceptable holocaust to heaven for deliverance from treason.

For myself, I call heaven to witness that to night in all this war has seen me retire to rest, and no morning seen me rise to labor in which I did not precede my nightly repose or my daily work by a prayer that this rebellion might be crushed and the Union saved. The prayer has been heard—the rebellion is crushed and the Union is saved; and I am here to-night to rejoice from your loyal and fraternal hearts the welcome you are giving me. I am here, disenthralled and ransomed from bondage, to join you in thanksgiving for the boon of national victory and the blessings that a merciful and overruling Providence has vouchsafed to our people.

Before I retire, with grateful thanks for your kind words, I desire to say a few words on a subject that seems peculiarly appropriate to this occasion and to this audience.

Throughout the whole length and breadth of our Southern land, treason, like an Oriental plague, was infesting the atmosphere with its moral and political corruption, and carrying its light of Yankee evil almost everywhere. Treason was the topic of all household converse—treason was the subject of every editorial article—treason was the theme of every sermon. The friendly visit was expended in details of Yankee atrocity—soldiers and politicians wrote of might and awe Yankee infamy and the clergy preached only of Yankee crime. A bitterness of feeling, of which you can scarcely entertain an approximate idea, everywhere prevailed, and Union men were isolated from all social gatherings, from all part of the public journals, from all attendance on the churches, lest their indignation at the abuse of their country should be manifested by their countenance.

But there was one place where the bond of our common humanity was not altogether forgotten, where the duties of man to man still continued to be recognized. In the Masonic lodges secession lost its bitterness, and Union men who were "sons of light" could visit these sacred retreats without fear of insult or reproach.

As a Mason, holding a not altogether obscure position in the order, I have, in the course of my life written and said much about its excellence and beauty. I know that it teaches fraternal love. I know that it inculcates kindness to the destitute, and sympathy for the sorrowing. I know its pretensions to be a science of morality and a development in one direction of the religious sentiment. But, until this war came upon us in all its hideousness of want and suffering, of domestic hate and inhuman passion, I did not know how successfully theory and practice could be mingled in the teachings of the Order, and the actions of its disciples. I did not know how surely and steadfastly its rays of light could illumine the gloom of this dark night of our national history.

When the first struggles of the infant rebellion began to threaten the gigantic fabric of ruin and desolation, which it subsequently too successfully achieved, all the other social, moral, and religious deathlike silence. No voice of warning, no accent of entreaty, no prayer or suggestion for forbearance came from any section of the land, a ready cheering light, and to give to the black cloud of war a silver lining.

The Vermont Record (Brattleboro) says:

"A loyal Louisiana man, who was compelled to leave the South after the commencement of the war, and now superintendent of a colony of several thousand freedmen on Jeff. Davis' plantation in Mississippi, writes us an account of the raising of the stars and stripes over Jeff's house by the negroes, on the day after Fort Sumter was captured. 'On the 14th of April we raised a liberty pole and the stars and stripes over the house of Jeff. Davis. It was done by the colored people. I wish I had time to give you a full account of the celebration. It was a grand thing and well conducted. I little thought two years ago, when I was compelled by Jeff. Davis to leave the South, that I should be one of a party to raise the stars and stripes over his house. I always thought it was impossible for his government to stand, though I did not think of his house as being the place where I should rejoice at its downfall.'"

Gov. Brownlow has perpetrated a severe practical joke on the rebel Tennessee officials. As soon as he received their insolent letters proposing to come back and resume their rights if they could be unmolested, Gen. Thomas, at his suggestion, sent two telegrams, one by way of Dalton and one to Gen. Wilson, to seize the officials, archives, and specie, without delay. These are all now probably in our hands. They had deceived Gen. Wilson by representing that they were carrying on negotiations for surrender. They were at Augusta, Ga.

So many people visit the trial place of Mr. Lincoln at Oak Ridge, a short distance out of Springfield, Ill., that a line of omnibuses make regular trips from the city to the President's tomb.

inviting a Masonic convention which should accommodate some plan to tone the woe of the country. Had the acerbity of political strife, and the cunning of political corruption which were then overbearing the deluded people with their pressure, permitted the holding of such a convention, who can tell what blessed results might not have been brought forth from the communion of men who had seen the need of mutual kindness and mutual forbearance at the same sacred altar and in the same mystic language.

And then came, with like counsels, the gentle voice of Cyril Pearl from his far off home on the very borders of our land. He lived to see the culmination of the war which he deplored. Before his decline he was called from his earthly labors of love. Masonry can only spare such noble-hearted men.

And when at last the clouds of war had not only gathered all over the land, but had burst forth in a storm of carnage—when there was no more hope of peace until the discordant passions of men should be diluted with the flow of blood, the grand master of South Carolina, whose heart strongly beating with Union sympathies, has long since been quelled in death, addressed an encyclical letter to his brethren, in which he charged, in the name of our Supreme and Universal Master, "to suffer not the disputes and broils of men to impair the love which has existed and will exist throughout the fraternity. 'Let us not,' he said, in its emphatic language, 'let us not have amongst us that there is war; that strife and discussion prevail. As Masons, it concerns us not.'"

And I rejoice in my heart that these teachings were not unheeded. If there were without there was always peace within our lodges.

Will you not bear with me while I say of my native jurisdiction, where I think I have had some Masonic influence, that in South Carolina, reproached, as I fear she justly is, as being the cradle of the rebellion, if not indeed its birthplace, the benign principles of Masonry were never for a moment forgotten. In its capital city, the only place, I fear, on the whole continent, where the same deed of love was enacted, prisoners of war, who were Masons, were relieved on their parole, by the officer of their guard, himself a Mason, and carried from the prison to the lodge room, to relieve the weariness of their captivity by witnessing, and participating in the secret service of the Order.

And I can solemnly aver that I never approached a Mason or a lodge in Charleston, with a petition for the relief of a destitute, suffering prisoner of war, without receiving the kindest response and the most liberal donation.

Throughout the length and breadth of our land, at the North and the South, the East and the West, wherever there was the sin or strife, there too was the atoning peace of Masonry. It went into the prison, and gave comfort to the captive. It went into the hospital and gave balm to the wounded. It went into the battle field and gave rescue of life to the conquered.

Let none hereafter speak with scorn of its unknown mysteries or swear at its pretended merits. Let its adversaries be silent before the magnitude of its achievement; and when the history of the unnatural war is written, while all honor is bestowed upon the hero and the patriot, let it not be forgotten, but let it rather be inscribed in characters of living light, forever indestructible, that when war was beginning to whet its beak—while all other associations were indifferent and dumb—while the churches themselves gave no sign of christian life—Masonry alone sought to avert the impending evil, and when the full tide of conflict had rolled in upon our shores, and blood was soaking into the ground, Masonry again came forth, a ministering angel, to clothe in some measure the staff of our nation's fratricidal contest, with a rent of cheering light, and to give to the black cloud of war a silver lining.

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## The Pantograph.

We have several times had occasion to mention the Abbé Casalis' wonderful invention, by which he not only transmits from one place to another the contents of a dispatch, but the very handwriting of the person who sends it. As this new telegraphic system is now beginning to receive a practical application on a large scale, a description of the apparatus may not be uninteresting to our readers. Imagine a cast-iron frame shaped like an A, and a pendulum suspended from its apex. At each foot of the frame is an electro-magnet, through the action of which the pendulum, which is two metres in length, oscillates between them, from one to the other. About the middle of the shaft of the pendulum there is a sort of arm or cam, which, at each oscillation, causes a lever, fixed to the cross bar A, to describe a circle. At the end of each oscillation, this lever twice meets a click and spring-work fixed to the same cross-bar.

At the first stroke the mantilla vibration is interrupted, and at the second a mark is set in motion, the prongs of which, alternately set on the teeth of a ratchet which is thus forced to turn, and in so doing communicates motion to an endless screw cut into its own shaft. This endless screw causes two small characters to move simultaneously; each character carries a fine steel point or stylus. Now, as in virtue of the endless screw, these two points move uniformly in the same direction—the progress of the one not differing from that of the other even by a hair's breadth—it follows that whatever stroke will be described by the one, will be imitated with mathematical exactness by the other. Now, suppose a metallic plate to be placed under each point, these plates being curved like the circular arcs described by the points, then, after a certain number of oscillations of the pendulum, these points in moving along will have described upon the plates as many parallel lines infinitely close to each other as there have been oscillations; hence the whole surface of the plate has been gone over. The plates are in direct communication with the ground by the means of chains; one of the plates we will call the transmitter, the other the recipient.

The sender of a dispatch writes it with common ink on a sheet of tinned paper, and places it on the transmitter. On the recipient's place a sheet of chemical paper, impregnated with a solution of cyanide of potassium. Let us now set the apparatus in motion. The point being established, so long as the point of the transmitter only touches upon the tin, the electric fluid will escape into the earth; but no sooner does it meet the ink of the writing, which is a non-conductor, than the fluid, not finding an escape there, will seek it along the wire which connects the two points together. Thus the point which works on the chemical paper of the recipient will produce a blue stroke on the latter for every black stroke on the dispatch; for steel in contact with cyanide of potassium, and under the influence of a positive current, produces blue. Hence, supposing the dispatch to have been written in black ink, and transmitted to Lyons, the correspondent at the latter place will receive, in blue, the exact facsimile of the sender's handwriting. An order to pay a certain sum may thus be transmitted with perfect safety.—*Galignani.*

It is an error to stick to the ordinary routine which makes to-day's dinner-party the echo of yesterday's, and the second-sighted forecast of to-morrow's. Is there no fish in the sea but turbot? None, besides salmon, in the stream? Are certain roasts and broils alone palatable, all the rest being unwholesome, if not poisonous? It is to avoid this monstrous sameness that men have taken themselves, in despair, to sundry town dining-places, and relish repeats at German tables d'hôte. They would accept a Chinese chef de cuisine, and taste hashed dog—though the cookery might be execrable and the hash worse—for the sake of enjoying a little gastronomic variety. It is the same in other things. You shall see a man neglect a pleasing and pretty wife to flirt with a stranger who is coarse, plain, and twice her age. But there is a wide difference between matrimonial and culinary constancy. The one is a virtue, the other a weakness which may give rise to curious mistakes. A German traveler, well received in London, went round of dinner parties. For about the twentieth time he sat down to fowls at the top and ham at bottom. "Mein Gott!" he exclaimed, "cock and bacon again! There is nothing to be had but cock and bacon," and he forthwith ordered on his note-book, "the English live principally on cock and bacon."

What right has any person, endowed with an ordinary share of intellect, and blessed with a respectable share of good health, to despise? What is the meaning of it? The cause is a weak mind, and the meaning is sin. Providence never intended that one of his creatures should be the victim of a desire to feed and look the gloom of the thunder-dog. Although we cannot expect all our days and hours to be glided by sunshine, we must not, for mere momentary grief, suppose that they are to be embroiled in the mists of misery, or shrouded by the opacity of sorrow and misfortune.

A pint cup may not be ill treated for not holding a quart. This is indeed a new measure for moral obligation. A man undertakes your argument because he cannot contain it. He does not repeat you correctly because he cannot carry all your ideas. He is a pint cup. Your friend betrays your secret. It is your own fault. You put too much in a small vessel, and it slops over. Your neighbor has narrow views, feelings, and politics, and they do not enlarge. Be gentle toward him, for small measures cannot afford to be very liberal, and pint cups come to their growth early. They are required to hold but a pint.

GRAIN.—Carefully study price lists, and improve good weather for marketing produce.

## AGRICULTURAL.

## A Flower Story.

We are told many tales of flowers, the first possessor of a pretty shrub of Europe, and he was so jealously fearful lest others should enjoy what he alone wished to possess, that strict instructions were given to his gardener not to give a slip, not so much as a single flower, to any person. To this command the gardener would have been faithful had not love wounded him by the sparkling eyes of a fair but portly peasant, whose want of a dowry and his own poverty alone kept them from the hymeneal altar. On the birthday of his mistress he presented her with a nosegay, and to render the nosegay more acceptable, ornamented it with a jasmine. The "poverty stricken" wishing to preserve the bloom of his "new flower," put it into the earth, and the branch remained green all the year. In the following spring it grew and was covered with flowers. It flourished and multiplied so much under the fairy's cultivation, that she was able to amass a little fortune from the sale of the precious gift which love had made her, when, with a spring of jasmine in her breast, she gave her hand and heart to the happy gardener of her heart. And the Tuscan girls to this preserve the remembrance of this day by invariably wearing a nosegay of jasmine on their wedding-day, and they have a proverb which says a young girl wearing this a nosegay is rich enough to make the fortune of a good husband.

EARLY TRANSPLANTS.—There is probably much to be learned from the practice of conducting to health than through the warm summer months. To be healthy, however, they should be freshly taken from the earth, and of quick tender growth. But a small part of the rural population have yet learned the full value of the vegetable garden. The many are satisfied with a patch of early potatoes, thinking that the water and soil of work should, that the turnip is something to come in for fall or winter.

To raise the finest turnips for summer use, give a good top-dressing of manure and ashes. It will be well to mix them thoroughly on the surface a few days before using. The proportion of ashes will do very well when a half bushel is mixed with a half cord of manure; but if more is used, the better. This furnishes a good soil for them to grow in. Top-dressing of guano will do them no injury.

The cabbage is a very nutritious vegetable. According to Johnson, the dried leaf contains from thirty-five per cent. of gluten and in this respect, therefore, more nutritious than any other vegetable food which is consumed to a large extent by men and animals. We do not know what amount of green food could be produced from an acre by selecting the larger varieties; but it is larger than one at first thought would imagine. Supposing, however, that an average of five pounds per head be obtained, the ten thousand heads would turn off 50,000 pounds, or twenty-five tons, an amount which it would seem might induce their more extended cultivation as a field crop.—*Utica Herald.*

Tons and tons of horse chestnuts go to waste every year, and yet they are a most valuable fruit. In Turkey these nuts are mixed with horse-feed, (from whence their name) and are considered good for broken winded animals. On the Rhine, horse chestnuts are used for fattening cattle and for feeding milk cows, and 100 pounds of dried nuts are estimated to be equal in nutritive value to 250 pounds of average hay. Another authority makes them equal, weight for weight, to oatmeal. These nuts contain a good deal of starch, and excellent edible arrow root, and macaroni are made from them in France. The bitter principle is easily removed by washing, and is easily removed by grinding and washing.

Do you own a horse rake? If not, it is time to procure one for raking hay and grain stubble. There are a large number of wheel rakes, with a seat for the driver, most of which will do good work. As a horse rake is used only a few days in the year, it will be a matter of economy to employ a pair of light buggy or carriage wheels for carrying the rake. The horse arms may be ordered to fit such as you have. By procuring a good wheel rake, a lame man or an active young woman can do all the raking. No wire rakes do the work so well as the wooden toothed ones.

The more numerous the comforts, viewed as necessities by the great body of the people, and the fewer the comforts are removed from gross sensuality, the higher the moral condition of that people, is a principle in politics without an exception. The warm house, the neat furniture, the comfortable meal, the decent clothing, the well-washed and flower-decorated garden, the favorite singing-bird and spaniel, and the small but well chosen collection of books, are enjoyments beyond the means of the idle, and not the choice of the tavern-broker.

A correspondent of *The Canada Farmer* says, "To estimate the quantity of shelled corn on the cobs in any given space, level them and measure the length, breadth, and depth; then multiply these dimensions together, and the product by four. Cut off the last figure and you will have the number of bushels of shelled corn, and the decimal part a bushel. If you desire to know the number of bushels of ears, multiply by eight instead of four."

The Massachusetts agricultural club have unanimously agreed upon the following as the twelve best varieties of pears, taking all things into consideration, as quality, thriftiness of the tree, value of market, etc., viz: First six; the Bartlett, Louise Bonne du Jersey, Urbaniste, Bourne du Jersey, Sheldon and Seckel; second six, the Onondago, (Swan's Orange), Merriam, Doyenne d'Etampes, Vicar of Wakefield, Paradise d'Automne, and Fulton.

Pickles already made can be preserved by putting in a few roots of horse radish. If the vinegar is pure and clear, they may be kept for months without scumming over.

Don't neglect to provide liberally for a good vegetable garden; it will repay all outlay as a sanitary measure, to say nothing of the delicacies obtained.



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D. E. EYRE,

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Call in and see one of the best stocks

of goods in this market. Store corner of

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Hastings, May 3, 1865. 4-11

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Willson's Cheap Store

is full to overflowing with every variety of

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THE MOST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY!

Try us and be satisfied!

MARK WILLSON'S CASH STORE,

NO. 2, EXCHANGE BLOCK.

Hastings, Minn. 8-11

DRAPER & BALLARD,

Wholesale Dealers in

GROCERIES, SALT,

FRUIT, CROCKERY,

AND LIQUORS,

and Retail Dealers in

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS.

WOODEN WARE, NOTIONS,

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FARMER'S TOOLS, ETC.

Agents for Dr. Swain's Bourbon Bitters,

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Binger's

Old London Gin, and fine Old Bourbon and

Rye Whiskies.

Orders from the country carefully filled.

We solicit an examination of our large

stock.

Hastings, Jan. 2, 1865. 39-11

MOORHOUSE & MERRILL,

Dealers in

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,

Hastings, Minn.

Staple groceries, confectionery, wood-

en ware, butter, eggs, fresh vegetables,

etc., etc., constantly on hand. Agents

for Dundas Flour.

Store on Second Street, next to post-

office. Goods conveyed to all parts of the

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MISCELLANEOUS.

CITY DRUG STORE.

J. E. FINCH.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

DRUGS,

MEDICINES, and

CHEMICALS.

Paints,

Oils,

Varnishes,

Window Glass,

Glassware,

Kerosene Lamps and Fixtures,

Alcohol,

Pure Wines

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Trusses,

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Fancy Articles,

And, in fact, every thing that can be

found in a first-class drugstore.

Agent for all the popular patent medi-

cines. Physicians' prescriptions carefully

compounded at all hours. All medicines

warranted genuine, and of the best

quality.

J. E. FINCH.

Hastings, March 22, 1865. 60-11

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A Proclamation by the President of the United States of America.

WHEREAS, The President of the United States, on the 8th day of December, 1863, and on the 26th day of March, 1864, did, with the object to suppress existing rebellion, and to induce all persons to return to their loyalty, and to restore the authority of the United States, issue a proclamation of amnesty and pardon to certain persons who had directly, or by implication, participated in said rebellion; and

WHEREAS, Many persons who have been justly deprived of all claim to amnesty and pardon thereunder, by reason of their participation, directly or by implication, in said rebellion and continued hostility to the government of the United States, since the date of said proclamation, now desire to apply for and obtain amnesty and pardon; to the end, therefore, that the authority of the government of the United States may be restored, and that peace, order, and freedom may be established, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby proclaim and declare: That I hereby grant to all persons who have directly or indirectly participated in the existing rebellion, except as hereinafter excepted, amnesty and pardon, with the preservation of all rights of property except as to slaves, and except in cases where legal proceedings under the laws of the United States providing for the confiscation of property of persons engaged in rebellion have been instituted; but on the condition nevertheless that every such person shall take and subscribe the following oath or affirmation, and thereupon keep and maintain said oath inviolate, and which oath shall be registered for permanent preservation, and shall be of the tenor and effect of the following to-wit:

"I do solemnly swear or affirm, in presence of Almighty God, that I will henceforth faithfully defend the Constitution of the United States, and the Union of the States thereunder, and that I will, in like manner, abide by and faithfully support all laws and proclamations which have been made during the existing rebellion with reference to the emancipation of slaves—so help me God."

The following classes of persons are excepted from the benefits of this proclamation:

1. All who are now or shall have been pretended civil or diplomatic officers, or otherwise domestic or foreign agents of the pretended confederate government.
2. All who left judicial stations under the United States to aid the rebellion.
3. All who shall have been naval or military officers of said pretended confederate government above the rank of colonel in the army and lieutenant in the navy.
4. All who left seats in the Congress of the United States to aid the rebellion.
5. All who resigned or tendered resignations of their commissions in the army or navy of the United States, to evade their duty in resisting the rebellion.
6. All who have engaged in any way in treating otherwise than lawfully as prisoners of war persons found in the United States service as officers, soldiers, seamen, or in other capacities.
7. All persons who have been absent from the United States for the purpose of aiding the rebellion.
8. All military and naval officers in the rebel service who were educated by the government in the military academy at West Point or the United States Naval Academy.
9. All persons who held the pretended offices of governors of states in insurrection against the United States.
10. All persons who have left homes within the jurisdiction and protection of the United States and passed beyond the federal military lines into the so-called confederate states, for the purpose of aiding the rebellion.
11. All persons who have been engaged in the destruction of the commerce of the United States upon the high seas, and all persons who have made raids into the United States from Canada, or been engaged in destroying the commerce of the United States upon lakes and rivers that separate the British provinces from the United States.
12. All persons who, at the time when they seek to obtain the benefits by taking the oath herein prescribed, are in military, naval, or civil confinement or custody, or under bonds of the civil, military, or naval authorities or agents of the United States as prisoners of war, or persons detained for offenses of any kind, either before or after conviction.
13. All persons who have voluntarily participated in said rebellion, and the estimated value of whose taxable property is over \$20,000.
14. All persons who have taken the oath of amnesty, as prescribed in the President's proclamation of December 8th, A. D. 1863, or an oath of allegiance to the government of the United States since the date of said proclamation, and who have not henceforward kept and maintained the same inviolate; Provided that special application may be made to the President for the pardon of any person belonging to the excepted classes, and such clemency will be liberally extended as may be consistent with the facts of the case, and the peace and dignity of the United States.

The secretary of state will establish rules and regulations for administering and recording the said amnesty oath, so as to insure its benefits to the people and guard the government against fraud.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, the 30th day of May, in the [ ] year of our Lord 1865, and of the Independence of the United States the 89th.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

By the President, H. Seward, Sec'y of State.

## Laura Thurston's Charge.

"Has the morning paper come, Hannah?" inquired Laura Thurston of the servant, who was removing an elegant breakfast service from the table.

"I will see, Miss Laura."

While the servant is absent on her quest we may look around us. The room is furnished with a degree of comfort amounting to luxury. Part the heavy curtains and a bright lawn stretches before you. The grounds front on an avenue lined with majestic elms. We are in one of those suburban villas to be found in such profusion in the neighborhood of our principal cities.

Laura Thurston, to whom the house and grounds belong, is no longer in her first youth, yet few are aware that she has reached her thirtieth year. She has the fair complexion which time usually treats kindly, and might readily pass for several years younger. But the careful observer will note a thoughtful light in the clear gray eyes, which speaks of a wider experience of life.

"Here is the paper, Miss Laura," said Hannah, returning with the article of which she had been in quest.

Laura Thurston opened its ample pages eagerly. The telegraph had announced on the preceding day a great battle fought on the plains of Pennsylvania. "A great victory!" met the reader's eye in staring capitals. She ran her eye eagerly over the account. On reaching a certain line the paper dropped from her hands, and her heart gave a great bound. The line was very brief. It contained these few words: "Captain Henry Palmer, killed."

"If I could but have seen him once before he died," she murmured. "It is ten years to-day since we parted in grief. Had that moment been blotted out how different might have been both our lives!"

"She sat for a few minutes in deep thought, and then, as if inspired by a sudden resolution, rang the bell."

"Hannah," she said, quickly, "I am going out of town, and may not return till this evening. It is even possible that I may be absent longer, but I shall endeavor to return to-night."

"Yes, Miss Laura."

"I may bring some one with me," he continued, with a slight hesitation. "You may light a fire this afternoon in the bedroom adjoining mine."

With a little surprise the servant withdrew. Half an hour later Laura left the house, and, walking to the depot, she purchased a ticket for Glenville.

Arrived at the depot in Glenville she inquired of the depot master:

"Can you tell me whether Captain Palmer's children live in this village?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply, "they are boarding with Mr. Hiram Norcross, who keeps the store. I expect you have heard of the captain's death?"

Laura inclined her head gravely.

"I am afraid the children will have a hard time of it. They haven't any near relatives, and their father will leave little or nothing. Norcross is rich enough to keep 'em for nothing, but he is too mean to think of doing it."

"Can you direct me to his house?"

"Certainly, ma'am. Do you see that yellow house at the corner?"

"Yes."

"Well, you turn there and keep straight ahead till you get to the Baptist church. The store is just opposite. You will know it by the sign. The family live over the store."

While Laura is making her way from the station we will introduce our readers into a small sitting-room in the dwelling of Hiram Norcross. The storekeeper himself stands before the fire, his face wearing an expression of perplexity. He is a small man with yellowish hair, and a large bald spot on the crown of his head. His gray coat bears marks of having been used from a remote period as a pen wiper. His eyes are small and ferret-like. His white hair near him in a woolen rocking-chair, leaning a refractory stick. She has thin face and pinched lips, and her expression is far from agreeable.

"If people expect us to keep the children, let 'em expect it," she remarked in a decided tone. "If their father has been killed and can't pay their board, they must go to the poor house. Why didn't he get his life insured?"

"I agree with you entirely, my dear," said Hiram Norcross, who was quite as mean as his wife, but not so indifferent to public opinion. "I don't know but we had better keep 'em, say a week. If we send them off to the poor house, people will go to the other store, and that would prove a serious loss."

"There's ten week's board that hasn't been paid for now," said Mrs. Norcross, sharply.

"And whether it'll ever be paid, goodness knows."

"No doubt the cap'n has left something. Whatever it is 'll be sent home, and we have the first claim."

"At any rate I'm not in favor of increasing. It's best to notify the selectmen to take charge of the children at once. We've done our duty."

"I don't know but you are right, Jane. I guess I'll go over and speak to Squire Houghton. He's the chairman."

At this moment the door-bell rang, and almost immediately a sternly girl made her appearance at the door and said:

"There's a lady in the parlor wants to see you, Mrs. Norcross."

Mrs. Norcross dropped her stocking, and taking off her apron, went down.

"Mrs. Norcross, I believe," said Laura Thurston, rising.

The lady made a stiff inclination. "I understand that the children of Capt. Palmer are boarding with you."

"Yes," said Mrs. Norcross, deliberately, "they've been boarding with me, but I don't expect I shall be able to accommodate them any longer."

"Have they been told of their father's death?"

"Not yet. We've only just heard of it."

## "What are their ages?"

"Henry is seven and Laura five."

"Laura," said the visitor, starting, "I—I thought her name was different."

"No, she hasn't any other."

"I suppose Capt. Palmer did not leave much property?"

"No, I don't expect he left a cent. Ten weeks' board is due for the children, but I suppose Mr. Norcross will have to lose it. It's hard to slave from morning till night, and then not get anything for it. I expect some of the neighbors will be expecting us to keep 'em for nothing. Folks is just so unreasonable. I'm sure Mr. Norcross and I would soon be in the poor house if we hung our money away in that way."

An expression of disgust swept over Laura's face.

"What is the amount of the bill?" she asked coolly.

"We're been asking six dollars a week for two. Ten weeks' bill make exactly sixty dollars."

"You need feel under no concern as to the payment of your bill," said Laura quietly. "You have only to make it out, and I will settle it at once."

"Are you related to the children?" asked Mrs. Norcross, surprise mingling with her gratification.

"I am not," said Laura, "but their father was a friend of mine. Since they appear to be unprovided with a home, I will take charge of them, if there is no objection."

"No objection at all, said Mrs. Norcross, briskly. "I'm glad they're likely to have a home."

"Can you get them ready at once?" she asked like to take them with me to-day."

"They can be ready in an hour. Only some of their clothes are in the wash."

"You can send them by express at your convenience."

"Good-bye, then, to them!" they said. Mrs. Norcross, as she left the room.

"Now people can't find fault with us. The bill's paid too. We're pretty lucky."

When the intelligence was communicated to Hiram Norcross, he rubbed his hands with glee, and lost no time in making out a bill for the children's board.

Henry and Laura were brought into the sitting-room. They seemed instinctively drawn to Laura Thurston, and were soon as intimate terms as if they had been acquainted for years.

Laura, too, found herself attracted by them in a manner which surprised her. In the frank, open brow and clear eyes of the boy she recognized a striking resemblance to the father—a resemblance which excited in her a degree of pleasure not unmingled with pain.

"Will you come again soon?" asked the little girl, climbing into the lap of her namesake.

"No, I think not."

"Oh, I am so sorry," said the child, regretfully.

"And why are you sorry?"

"Because I like you."

"How would you like to come and live with me?"

"And not stay here any longer?" asked the children eagerly.

"No."

"Would Mrs. Norcross let me?"

"Mrs. Norcross has consented," said Laura, evading the last query. "And you, Henry?" she asked, turning to the boy.

"I better like to live with you much better than with Mrs. Norcross," he said frankly.

"Then," said Laura, "it shall be as you wish. If you will go to Mrs. Norcross she will get you ready, and we will start by the next train."

Hannah's astonishment was extreme when her mistress returned with the children. Laura explained quietly that their father was dead, and she was their guardian.

New commenced a new life for the children. Miss Thurston constituted herself their teacher. It was to her a source of the greatest enjoyment to train these young minds, which she perceived to be full of promise. The days were no longer leaden, but bright and free. A new world of thought and action opened before them, and responsibility was opened to her. Nor was it little that her affections, which were naturally warm, had found objects on which they might be bestowed. At first the children were dear to her for their father's sake; Henry, for the clear eyes through which his father seemed looking at her, Laura, because her name continually suggested that father's continued attachment to herself. But the children soon became dear for their own sake. Her wealth enabled her to command all the advantages which were desirable for them. Fortunately she had no near relatives to complain of the manner in which she chose to dispose of her money.

One day Henry was reciting a lesson in geography, and was on the point of giving the boundaries of Africa, when Hannah entered the room with the intelligence that a gentleman was below.

"Do you know who it is?" asked Laura.

"No, Miss Laura."

"Did he give you no card?"

"No. He only said he would like to see you."

Five minutes later Laura descended to the drawing-room. In the obscure light she did not distinguish the visitor. He rose and came forward. A man of middle height, with fine features, but pale and thin, evidently the effect of recent sickness.

Laura looked at him inquiringly. Not a suspicion of the truth dawned upon her mind.

"Don't you know me, Laura—Miss Thurston?" he asked in a low voice.

"Captain Palmer?" she exclaimed, with sudden conviction. "I thought—"

"You thought me dead; I was so reported, but it was a mistake. I fell into the hands of the rebels, and they have kept me till this time. As soon as I

## could I wrote to Mr. Norcross, but he did not see fit to communicate the fact to you. When I called on him yesterday, he acquainted me with your disinterested kindness to my children. How can I ever thank you, Laura?"

He took her hand in a tender, respectful manner.

"Do not speak of it," she said, hurriedly. "I felt there was some atonement due to you for the past."

"Have you, too, regretted it, Laura?" asked Captain Palmer, with subdued eagerness.

"I have never ceased to do so. But let us not speak of this. The children are up stairs; when they have been properly informed of your return, they will be overjoyed to see you."

It is not need to relate with what rapture the children greeted their father, whom they supposed to be dead. Laura, from a little distance, watched with happy eyes this meeting, in which she seemed to feel a personal interest.

Capt. Palmer obtained a boarding place near by, but spent a part of every day in the society of Laura and the children. Day by day his step became more firm, his cheek assumed a more healthy color. But at length the further given him to recruit his exhausted strength neared a close. One day, sitting in his armchair, with Laura near him, he said sadly:

"Ought I to burden you with the children while I am again absent?"

"I shall think that in so doing you are giving me the greatest proof of your confidence and love."

"You are willing to be troubled with them?"

"Their presence is my greatest enjoyment."

"Would you be willing to take charge of their father, also, Miss Laura?" he asked.

She looked up suddenly, and her lips parted, but she said nothing.

"My children shall plead my cause, Henry—Laura—I have asked Miss Thurston to become your second mother, help me to persuade her."

Laura looked at her as she met the glad, eager looks of the children, and she silently placed her hand in his.

"Let the dead past bury its dead," he said in a low voice. "Henceforth we live only to the glad present."

They were quickly married on the day before Capt. Palmer's return to service, and now Laura feels that she has a rightful claim to the children, of which she undertook the charge for their father's sake.

## A Palatial Business Establishment.

One of the most complete success a that it has ever been our pleasure to record, in that business of great and energetic competition, the piano forte trade, has been accomplished by Messrs. Bauer & Co., of New York and Chicago, one of the most elegant buildings on that great thoroughfare, and in Chicago they have secured the most beautiful location for that business in the city, a suite of extensive rooms connected with the magnificent opera house just completed. Each of these places will be decorated and furnished in a style of regal splendor that will surpass any rooms used for like purposes in any country or Europe.

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In connection with their extensive piano business the Messrs. Bauer are largely in the manufacture and importation of musical instruments and almost every description of musical merchandise, and dealers and others will find at each of their establishments as varied and extensive assortment of these articles, and as liberal inducements offered to purchase, as can be found in any northern city.—Chicago Tribune.

One of the most beautiful and poetic suggestions which we have noted since the death of our lamented president is that "memorial trees," commemorative of that event, should be planted in all parts of the country. Hundreds and thousands of monuments would thus be erected to him all over the land, growing stronger, taller, and dearer each succeeding year, typical of the love at all good people for the memory of that great and good man whose virtues we, our children, and our children's children should forever cherish in grateful remembrance. We should be glad to see this beautiful idea acted upon, and would advise the planting of oaks, elms, or some other sturdy tree whose life outlives generation after generation of men.

To the ambitious there is this fearful lesson: Of the four candidates for presidential honors in 1860, two of them—Douglas and Lincoln—once competitors, but now sleeping patriots, rest from their labors; Hall perished in poverty and misery, as a traitor might perish; and Breckinridge is a frightened fugitive, with the brand of traitor on his brow.—Bishop Simpson.

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## LEGAL NOTICES.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY VIRTUE OF

An execution issued out of and under the seal of the district court for the first judicial district in and for the county of Dakota and state of Minnesota, upon a judgment rendered in said court on the 22nd day of April, A. D. 1865, in an action wherein Eri Cogshall and Charles Etheridge were plaintiffs, and Henry B. Plant, impleaded with Charles Knies, A. Blackman, James C. Dow, La Fayette Emmit, James Smith, Jr., M. S. Wilkinson, C. H. Parker, Alexander Ramsey, J. P. Owens, J. Q. Ward, J. C. Ramsey, H. L. Moss, H. Smith, Frederick Sommer, Harwood Ighart, and J. B. Brinslie, defendants, in favor of said plaintiffs, and against said defendant, Henry B. Plant, for the sum of nine hundred and seventy-seven 62-100 dollars.

And I have on the 25th day of May, A. D. 1865, levied said execution upon certain real estate lying and being in the county of Dakota, and state of Minnesota, as the real estate of the said defendant, Henry B. Plant, known and described as follows: to-wit: The undivided one-half of the east half of the south-west quarter of section No. thirteen (13), township No. one hundred and thirteen (113), range No. seventeen (17), the undivided one-half of the north-west quarter of section No. twenty-four (24), township No. one hundred and thirteen (113), range No. seventeen (17), the undivided one-half of the north-west quarter of section No. twenty-eight (28), township No. one hundred and thirteen (113), range No. seventeen (17), the undivided one-half of the east half of the south-east quarter of section No. one (1), township No. one hundred and thirteen (113), range No. seventeen (17); the undivided one-half of the south-east quarter of section No. three (3), township No. one hundred and fourteen (114), range No. eighteen (118); and the undivided one-half of the north-east quarter of section No. three (3), township No. one hundred and four (114), range No. eighteen (118) west.

And notice is hereby given that at the front door of the sheriff's office in the city of Hastings, in said Dakota County, on the 15th day of July, A. D. 1865, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, I will offer for sale and sell at public vendue to the highest and best bidder for cash the foregoing described real estate with the appurtenances belonging thereto, to satisfy said execution and costs.

Dated this 30th day of June, A. D. 1865.

STEPHEN NEWELL,  
Sheriff of Dakota Co., Minn.

S. SMITH, Plaintiff's Atty. 8-7w

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF Dakota.—ss. Probate Court.

At a special session of the probate court held at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in and for said county, the 5th day of March, A. D. 1865, Present Seagrave Smith, judge.

In the matter of the petition of William Tilking praying for reasons set forth in said petition for a decree of this court authorizing and directing the administrator of the estate of Gottlieb Korfage, late of said county of Dakota, deceased, intestate, to execute a conveyance to said petitioner of the following described real estate lying and being situated in the county of Dakota aforesaid, to-wit: commencing at the south-east corner of the south-east quarter of section nine (9), in township twenty-seven (27) west, thence west twenty-four (24) chains, thence north thirty-two degrees (32), east eight chains and thirteen links, thence north thirty-four degrees east, three chains, and four links, thence east seventeen chains and fifty links, and thence south ten chains to the place of beginning.

On filing said petition it is ordered that the same be heard at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in said county, on the 20th day of June, A. D. 1865, at ten o











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1 " 50 " 25.50 2 " 100 " 50.00

1 " 51 " 26.00 2 " 102 " 51.00

1 " 52 " 26.50 2 " 104 " 52.00

1 " 53 " 27.00 2 " 106 " 53.00

1 " 54 " 27.50 2 " 108 " 54.00

1 " 55 " 28.00 2 " 110 " 55.00

1 " 56 " 28.50 2 " 112 " 56.00

1 " 57 " 29.00 2 " 114 " 57.00

1 " 58 " 29.50 2 " 116 " 58.00

1 " 59 " 30.00 2 " 118 " 59.00

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1 " 68 " 34.50 2 " 136 " 68.00

1 " 69 " 35.00 2 " 138 " 69.00

1 " 70 " 35.50 2 " 140 " 70.00

1 " 71 " 36.00 2 " 142 " 71.00

1 " 72 " 36.50 2 " 144 " 72.00

1 " 73 " 37.00 2 " 146 " 73.00

1 " 74 " 37.50 2 " 148 " 74.00

1 " 75 " 38.00 2 " 150 " 75.00

1 " 76 " 38.50 2 " 152 " 76.00

1 " 77 " 39.00 2 " 154 " 77.00

1 " 78 " 39.50 2 " 156 " 78.00

## FINANCIAL.

## UNITED STATES

## 7-30 LOAN.

## THIRD SERIES,

\$230,000,000.

By the authority of the treasury, the undersigned, the general subscription agent for the sale of United States securities, offers to the public the third series of treasury notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest per annum, known as the

## 7-30 LOAN.

These notes are issued under date of July 16th, 1865, and are payable three years from that date in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into U. S. 5-20 Six per cent. Gold Bearing Bonds.

These bonds are now worth a handsome premium, and are exempt, as are all government bonds, from state, county, and municipal taxation, which adds to their value, according to the rate levied upon other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest at 7-30 per cent. amounts to One cent per day on a \$50 note.

Two cents " " " 100 " "

10 " " " 1000 " "

20 " " " 2000 " "

50 " " " 5000 " "

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions.

The notes of this third series are precisely similar in form and privileges to the seven-thirties already sold, except that the government reserves to itself the option of paying interest in gold coin at 6 per cent, instead of 7-30ths in currency. Subscribers will deduct the interest in currency up to July 15th, at the time when they subscribe.

The delivery of the notes of this third series of the seven-thirties will commence on the 1st of June, and will be made promptly and continuously after that date.

The slight change made in the conditions of this third series affects only the matter of interest. The payment in gold, if made, will be equivalent to the currency interest of the higher rate.

The return to specie payments, in the event of which only will the option to pay interest in gold be available, of would so reduce and equalize prices that purchases made with six per cent. in gold would be fully equal to those made with seven and three-tenths per cent. in currency. This is

## The Only Loan in Market

now offered by the government, and its superior advantages make it the

## Great Popular Loan of the People.

Less than \$200,000,000 of the loan authorized by the last congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within sixty days, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the national banks, state banks, and private bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOK,

Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.

Subscriptions will be received by

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF HASTINGS,

8-2m THORNE'S BANK.

## PHOTOGRAPHS AND

## AMBROTYPES!

The undersigned has established his self in the rooms over Thorne, Norrish, &amp; Co.'s store where he is prepared to take all kinds of Pictures in the best of styles and at low prices. Call and examine specimens.

E. A. BEACH, Photographer Artist.

Hastings, Jan. 9, 1866. 30-1f

## C. W. CROSBY,

## Justice of the Peace,

Writes deeds, mortgages, bon's, leases, assignments, affidavits, bills of sale, letters, etc., etc. Copying and miscellaneous writing done to order and at low rates.

Back pay, bounty, and pension blanks on hand and all information pertaining to same freely given on application acknowledged, etc., taken at the residence if requested. Will also attend to the collection of notes and accounts. Office over Mark Willson's Store, Second Street, Hastings, Minn. 44-1f

## H. ALDEN &amp; BRO.,

## HOUSE, SIGN, AND ORNA-

## MENTAL PAINTERS, AND

## Paper Hangers.

No objection to going into the country.

Graining done with Adam's celebrated patent machine, or by hand. Shop on Vermillion Street, opposite Methodist church.

Hastings, May 30, 1865. 8-6m

## H. O. MOWERS,

Surgeon Dentist, Hastings, Minn. Office north side Second Street, between Ramsey and Sibley Streets, over Thorne &amp; Norrish's store. 32-1f

## HARDWARE.

## HARDWARE.

## M. MC HUGH,

Dealer in

## HARDWARE,

## TINWARE,

## STOVES, ETC.,

Corner of Second and Vermillion Streets, Hastings, Minnesota,

has on hand and is constantly receiving a general assortment and a full supply of

Iron,

Nails,

Tinware,

Glass,

Sash,

And Putty,

Also the best stock of

## CUTLERY

ever before exhibited in this market. These goods have been bought expressly for this trade, and will be sold on the most reasonable terms for cash.

I am also agent for, and have on hand, the celebrated

## STEWART COOKING STOVE,

known to be the best cooking stove manufactured.

Hastings, May 14, 1865. 5-1f

## HARDWARE. HARDWARE.

## H. H. PRINGLE,

Hastings, Nov. 22, 1864. 33-1f

## BUTTRICK &amp; CONSON,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

## FURNITURE,

## SASH,

## DOORS, BLINDS, ETC. ETC.

Planing, Matching, Siding, Turning,

done to order. Coffins of all kinds and sizes always on hand. Sole agents for

## The Metallic Dental Cases.

Store and manufacturing corner of Second and Eddy Streets, west of Rogers' store.

Hastings, Oct. 25, 1864. 29-1f

## THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF HASTINGS

Is now fully organized for the transaction of a general banking business, with a capital of \$50,000. The bank will receive deposits, buy and sell Exchange, United States and State Bonds and Securities, Coupons, etc., etc.

S. G. Renick, President.

Stephen Gardner, Vice President.

L. S. Follett, Cashier.

S. G. Renick, L. S. Follett, Stephen Gardner, H. H. Pringle, A. W. Gardner.

Hastings, Sept. 1, 1864. 22-1f

## 1865. BOOKS. BOOKS. 1865.

## W. P. STANLEY,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

## Books, Stationery, Wall Paper

## TOYS, AND YANKEE NOTIONS.

Agent for the celebrated Brevens Sewing Machine and Prince &amp; Son's Melodeons.

Hastings, Jan. 1, 1865. 30-1f

F. VAN AUKEN. B. H. LANGLEY.

## VAN AUKEN &amp; LANGLEY,



## THE CONSERVER.

## A Story of Andrew Johnson.

Mr. Lincoln told this story of "Andy Johnson," as he was familiarly in the habit of calling him. It was a few weeks prior to the Baltimore convention, before it was known that Gov. Johnson would be the nominee for the vice presidency. Said he: "I had a visit last night from Col. Moody, 'the fighting Methodist parson,' as he is called in Tennessee. He is on his way to the Philadelphia conference, and, being in Washington over night, came up to see me. He told me," he continued, "this story of Andy Johnson, and Gen. Buell, which interested me intensely." Col. Moody was in Nashville the day that it was reported that Buell had decided to evacuate the city. The rebels, strongly re-enforced, were said to be within two days' march of the capital. Of course the city was greatly excited. Said Moody, "I went in search of Johnson at the edge of the evening, and saw him at his office, closeted with two gentlemen, who were walking the floor with him, one on each side. As I entered they retired, leaving me alone with Johnson, who came up to me manifesting feeling and said: 'Moody, we are sold out! Buell is a traitor! He is going to evacuate the city, and in forty-eight hours we shall be in the hands of the rebels.' Then he commenced pacing the floor again, twisting his hands, and looking like a crazed idiot, ignorantly insensible to his friend's entreaty to become calm. Suddenly he turned and said: 'Moody can you pray?' 'That is my business, sir, as a minister of the gospel,' returned the colonel. 'Well Moody, I wish you would pray,' said Johnson; and instantly both went down upon their knees at opposite sides of the room. As the prayer became fervent, Johnson began to respond in true Methodist style. Presently he crawled over on his hands and knees to Moody's side, and put his arm over him, manifesting the deepest emotion. Closing the prayer with a hearty 'Amen,' from each, they arose. Johnson took a long breath and said, with emphasis, 'Moody, I feel better.' Shortly afterwards he asked, 'Will you stand by me?' 'Certainly I will,' was the answer. 'Well, Moody I can depend upon you; you are one in a hundred thousand!' He then commenced pacing the floor again. Suddenly he wheeled; the current of his thought having changed, and said, 'Oh! Moody, I don't want you to think I have become a religious man because I asked you to pray. I am sorry to say it, but I am not, and never pretended to be religious. No one knows this better than you; but, Moody, there is one thing about it—I do believe in Almighty God. And I believe in the bible, and I say I'll be damned if Nashville shall be surrendered!"

And Nashville was not surrendered.

In the state of Ohio the last ditch has been found by no less an ardent sympathizer with treason than Clement L. Vallandigham. He has written a letter owning that he was wrong about the war for the Union. He rejoices that slavery is destroyed and the Union saved; sees at present no reason why the democracy should not give a cordial support to President Johnson in his efforts to restore the prosperity of the country under the Constitution; and declares that without slavery the Southern States, with perhaps two or three exceptions, "will become more populous, prosperous, and powerful than any other section."

Between sixty and seventy thousand dollars in gold were discovered recently at the company shops of the North Carolina Railroad by some of our troops encamped there. It was immediately confiscated by the soldiers of the regiment who found it—the 10th Ohio Cavalry. The matter is now undergoing an investigation at headquarters. The money belonged to the Bank of Commerce, located at Newbern before the war.

The Rector of St. Peter's (Episcopal) Church at Salem, Mass., has become unpopular with his flock. The bishop of the diocese declined, according to the request of the latter, to advise the former to resign. In this dilemma, the parish voted the rector a salary of \$12 for the coming year. This is the smallest stipend we have ever known to be given to a settled clergyman.

Hurbert Holcomb of New Hartford, N. Y., had lost his voice while serving as a soldier in the Carolinas. April 5th, 1862, and from that time till last Sunday had not been able to speak a word. Sunday morning a horse kicked him, which injured his feelings so that he couldn't help expressing himself, and since that time he has been able to talk as well as anybody.

Col. Hatch, the rebel commissioner, imprisoned in the Libby at Richmond, complained lately to Col. Mulford that he was brutally treated; that there was not a pane of glass in his windows, "O, is that all?" answered Mulford; "why, Hatch, I have been telling you for the last two years that there was not a pane of glass in these windows."

Gen. Grant's saddle, which he rode from the commencement of his services at Cairo, Ill., in 1861, until after the surrender of Gen. Lee, and which he has presented to Col. Markland, special military agent of the post office department, is to be exhibited at the Northwestern sanitary fair, at Chicago, with his old war-horse Jack.

Vallandigham says in his late letter, that the Chicago platform is no longer binding upon the party, as it (the platform) "survived but eight days—dying of circumsession." This is rather an unkindling fact at George B. McClellan's letter accepting the Chicago nomination and repudiating the platform.

## Declination of Males at the South.

Some of the facts disclosed by Lee's surrender show how frightfully the male population of the South has been wasted by the war. In many localities it will be found to be nearly annihilated. A few months ago a general consolidation of companies and regiments took place in several of the confederate corps, whole regiments, that once numbered one thousand men and more, being absorbed in single companies of less than fifty men. The following figures were taken from the rolls of Hardee's corps, including present and absent:—Ten regiments consolidated, 237 men; three regiments, 240; twenty regiments, 727; eleven regiments, 819; five regiments, 456, representing 10,000 men on the original rolls; one regiment, 210; eight regiments, 424, representing 10,000 Texas troops; one regiment, 40, left out of 1,200; reserve artillery, ten batteries, 500; seven regiments, 419; eighteen regiments, 719. Single regiments consolidated, and not represented above, showed the following numbers on their rolls: 21, 82, 16, 46, 124, 22, 50, 31, 185, 24, 65, 180, 35, 50, 11, 42, 40, 100. Eight companies consolidated amounted to 38 men; five companies, 69; ten companies, 52; twelve companies, 59; ten companies, 65; fifteen companies, 54; ten companies in one case, 81; in another, 69. The average in Lee's corps before consolidation was about 80 men to the regiment, and these corps represented over half the army. Gen. Bates' division has lost over general and field officer and three-fourths of the men in battle since the army left Dalton. It lost thirty per cent. at the battle of Bentonville alone. Other facts of the same kind might be stated, if it were possible to place the matter in a stronger light.

A JUST DECISION.—The commissioner of internal revenue has written a letter to the collector of the first district of Illinois, deciding that high wines which had evaded the revenue duties were liable to seizure, though in the hands of purchasers, who had obtained them innocently and in good faith. The Chicago Times objects to this decision. It is, however, not only a necessary decision, but a just one; being based on the same principle that warrants the owner of stolen property to recover it, wherever he finds it. The commissioner takes the ground that the distiller has no clear title to the article until the tax is paid. Until then it substantially belongs to the government, and having no title he can convey none, and hence purchasers have bought of those who did not own what they sold and no authority to sell it. The case, seems to us as clear as that real estate taxed, is liable to the tax, into whose hands it may pass.

Sometimes I compare the troubles we have to undergo in the course of a year to a great bundle of faggots, far to large to carry. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundles, and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry to-day, and then another, which we are able to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage, if we only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, by adding to tomorrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.

A Washington special says: No one here understands the case of Benjamin J. Harris, member elect of Congress from Maryland, as effectually concluded by the President's remission of the sentence passed by court martial. The matter will be brought before Congress, where the same proofs that were adduced in the late trial case will be produced, or stronger offered, which will show Harris' disloyalty beyond a doubt. He will not be likely to dishonor the next Congress by his presence there as one of its members.

The copperhead papers have been giving details of what purported to be a negro plot at Memphis to murder rebel prisoners in revenge for the massacre of Fort Pillow. The story was bloody and horrible enough. If true it justified a great deal of indignation. But it lacked the somewhat essential basis of fact, as do most of the complaints upon which charges against the liberated blacks are founded. Gen. Washburn, commanding at Memphis, publishes a declaration that the narrative is a lie, manufactured out of whole cloth. Of course the copperheads, which have labored to give the statement currency and force will not see the denial.

During the week ending Saturday, twenty-seven national banks were established, with an aggregate capital of \$4,561,100. The total number of banks now in existence is 1,212, with a total capital of upwards of \$289,000,000. During the same period \$2,332,170 in national currency was issued to the banks, making total in circulation, \$158,307,860.

A matrimonial alliance is about to crown the career of Marshal Bazaine in the intervention in Mexico, that French warrior being announced as about to wed La Sonoria de Peno, daughter of some high dignitary in the empire of Maximilian.

A young man in Kingston, Ulster County, a few days since offered a lady friend who was missionary collector, twenty-five cents for every kiss she would give him. Lady went right to work, and earned \$7.50 for the fund in a few minutes.

Where soldiers have lost legs, feet, or arms in the war, the government helps them to this extent in getting artificial ones: \$75 for legs, \$50 for arms, \$50 for feet.

## Degradation of Women in England.

Song writers may carol about "the mists of merry England," the beauty and their happiness, but there is a dark side to the picture which rarely finds its way into song or story. Whatever may be the condition of women in the middle and upper classes of English society, their lot in the lower classes is frequently pitiable enough. The right to work, which is so strenuously insisted on by women "reformers" here, is freely accorded to the women of England, provided that the work is degrading and repugnant to the general idea of what is due to the sex. Excluded from the professions and many of the lighter descriptions of labor, they are welcome to use the shovel and the dung-fork, wheelbarrows and drawbars. In the mining regions at the west of England women are employed to do much of the "surface work" of the mines, wielding the hammer, the pick, and the shovel, side by side with the men and boys. In the agricultural counties they do large share of the field work, and are frequently seen with the "muck-fork" distributing manure over the soil. In the manufacturing counties they are employed in all kinds of menial pursuits. Of course such a state of things is terribly demoralizing, and the women of the poorer orders who are thus employed have but little dignity or moral restraint.

A recent report made by one of the inspectors of factories, appointed by the British government to ascertain the condition of the work people, contains the following dark picture of the state of affairs among the brick workers in the fire brick yards of South Staffordshire. After stating that children of five years old are employed in these yards from morning till night, carrying weights of clay, and others of riper years are compelled to carry heavy loads and walk long distances, he says:

"I have also seen females, of all ages, from fifteen to twenty years of age, of whom mothers of families) undisturbed by men, excepting by the occasional peeping out of an earring, scarcely clad, up to the bare knees in clay splashes, and evidently without a vestige of womanly delicacy, thus employed, until it makes one feel for the honor of the country that there should be such a condition of human labor existing in it. I questioned such women in a brick-yard in South Staffordshire, as to how many of them could read, and found that only one out of twenty was so qualified; and, out of the whole number, who only had been to place of worship on the Sunday previously, the whole of them being practically employed on Sundays as well as week days. As a rule, not one in ten of the women and children had been taught to read and write, nor have about one-half of this small proportion ever entered a school."

"In their poverty and need their parents have sent out their little hands to carry clay and set down bricks all day long, from 6 A. M. to 6 P. M., all the week through, plodding with clay-laden heads and arms to and fro, over hot drying stones, barefooted and ragged. Improvidence, drunkenness, and indolence, and last but not least of these terrible evils, trade strikes and lockouts, each contributes its sad quota of recruits. Such parents are the first to send their little children out to work in brick yards, when they ought to be learning something useful at school, ignorant, untidied, and uneducated, they pass through life, looking on the few scholars' among them with an almost hostile awe. I must not forget the demoralizing results accruing from the mixed employment of the sexes. A flippancy and familiarity of manners with boys and men grows daily on the young girls. Then the want of respect and decency towards females exhibits itself in every act, word, or look; for the lads grow so precocious and the girls so coarse in their language and manners from close companionship while at work, that in most cases the modesty of the female is gradually becomes a by-word instead of a reality, and they sing unblushingly before all, while at work, the most disgusting songs, till oftentimes stopped short by the entrance of the master or the foreman."

Signs and Wonders.—When will signs and wonders cease? Not till the destroying angel shall clip short the thread of time, and the heavens be rolled together as a scroll. Not a day passes but we see good and bad signs; as the following will show: It's a good sign to have a man enter your office with a friendly greeting—"Here's two dollars to pay for my paper." It's a bad sign to hear a man say he is too poor to take a paper—then to one he carries home a jug of "red-eye" that cost him two dollars. It's a good sign to see a man doing an act of charity to his fellows. It's a bad sign to hear him boasting of it. It's a good sign to see the color of health in a man's face. It's a bad sign to see it all concentrated in his nose. It's a good sign to see an honest man wearing old clothes. It's a bad sign to see them filling holes in windows. It's a good sign to see a man wipe the perspiration from his face. It's a bad sign to see him wipe his chops as he comes out of a saloon. It's a good sign to see a woman dressed with taste and neatness. It's a bad sign to see her husband sued for hen feathers and foolery, gums and jewelry. It's a good sign to see a man or woman advertise in the papers. It's a bad sign to see the sheriff advertise for them. Nearly all Americans in Paris are wearing mourning for Mr. Lincoln. The gentlemen wear crapes on the hat or on the left arm, and the ladies black dresses and bonnets.

## The Herald publishes the resolutions

passed at a union meeting at Montgomery, Ala., on the 11th ult., acknowledging the restoration of the United States authority and the earnest desire of the people to resume former relations with the Union. The resolutions pledged support to the government in restoring order, deprecated the assassination of the President, and hoped for the speedy punishment of the assassin. A letter was addressed to Pres. Johnson asking permission for the assembling of the legislature to call a convention and repeal the secession ordinance. If this course were not proper, to ask that a military governor might be appointed. A committee of eight persons, bearing these resolutions and accompanying letter, passed through New York recently on their way to Washington.

Attention to one's outward appearance is one of the first elements of politeness. Want of cleanliness, slovenly or dilapidated attire, are an affront to the persons we approach. Anything like dirtiness—the very word offends—is utterly unpardonable and unadmissible. Man, naturally the noblest of animals, has necessarily the greatest need of personal neatness. Most of the nations of antiquity bathed daily, or often. Abutions were, and still are, in many countries, a religious practice. Perfumes are quite out of fashion, being left to be used almost exclusively by persons of questionable health, or worse, of questionable character.

It has been proposed in the cabinet to modify the amnesty proclamation so as to exclude from its benefits all rebels whose property is valued at \$10,000 and upwards. This modification will increase the exemption to one hundred and thirty-one thousand. On the \$20,000 basis the property of only 30,000 rebels would be liable to confiscation. The calculation is made on the basis of values of property in the South in 1860, treating slave property as extinguished. The proposition has several warm advocates in the cabinet, yet it is doubtful whether any modification of the proclamation will be made.

The Madison Capital says: The amount of Wisconsin currency withdrawn during the past three months is \$3,468,631. The amount yet in circulation is \$702,510; of which \$578,427 is in the bills of banks which redeem at par, and \$124,083 in bills of banks that are winding up. The currency outstanding is secured to the amount of \$783,990—or about \$81,000 more than the circulation. Of this amount of currency \$801,000 are in Wisconsin banks, the balance in other banks, treasury notes, and coin.

Mr. Lincoln bids fair to be pretty thoroughly biographical. Besides several "lives" by minor celebrities, announcements of the biography of Mr. Lincoln are made, as in preparation, by Robert Dale Owen, Dr. Holland, Mr. Herndon, (Mr. Lincoln's former partner), Joseph H. Barrett, commissioner of pensions, and Isaac N. Arnold. We presume James, Fanny Fern, Parton, and John S. C. Abbott may be safely added to the number, as their biographical machines are always in grinding order.

The southern papers are urgent for immigration from the north, and their statements of the circumstances and needs of the country indicate that an almost inexhaustible field for northern enterprise in agriculture, commercial, and other industrial pursuits, is now, or soon will be, opened in that region, by the termination of the rebellion. The advantages of Virginia and Texas for colonists of this kind are particularly urged by the journalistic advocates of these states.

Amos Kendall, who in his old age, has amassed a fortune by investing in telegraphic stocks, has devoted the sum of \$50,000 to the erection of a Baptist church in Washington city, as a memorial to his deceased wife, who was a member of that denomination. Mr. Kendall retired from Gen. Jackson's administration poor, but now, at the age of 80, enjoys an income of \$40,000.

The rule has been adopted in all the departments at Washington that when any vacancy occurs that it is not absolutely necessary to fill immediately, it is to be kept open until some wounded officer or soldier can be found who is competent to fill the position. All the minor offices under the government, such as messengers, laborers, etc., hereafter will be filled by crippled soldiers. None other will be appointed.

A Buffalo exchange learns that the little town of Monroe, Michigan, contains eighty-two marriageable girls and only three unmarried men. We advise all those poor wights who are in danger of shriveling into old bachelorhood to take the first train and by all means go to Monroe and rescue those eighty-two forlorn females.

President Johnson has appointed Dr. Albert G. Mackay, the eminent writer on masonry, collector of the customs at Charleston, S. C. This is a graceful and deserved acknowledgment of Mr. Mackay's devotion to the union during the rebellion, and a partial remuneration for his losses thereby.

Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, of Illinois, has entered upon the duties of sixth auditor. A residence in Washington will facilitate the preparation of the history of Mr. Lincoln's administration, in which he is engaged.

An order has been issued by the grand master of the Free Masons in Italy to drape the Masonic lodge rooms throughout the country in mourning, for the death of Abraham Lincoln.

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## GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY.

## IRVING TODD &amp; BRO.

## Are You Insured?

## IF NOT.

## WHY NOT?

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Capital and surplus, - - \$925,902.97

UNDERWRITERS, OF NEW YORK,

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METROPOLITAN, OF NEW YORK,

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LORILLARD, OF NEW YORK,

Capital and surplus, - - \$500,000.00

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Capital and surplus, - - \$625,000.00

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Capital and surplus, - - \$300,000.00

CONN. MUTUAL LIFE, OF HARTFORD,

Capital and surplus, - - \$7,225,040.16

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Life, Fire, Marine, and Accident policies written at the very lowest rates.

The companies we represent are sound and reliable, with cash assets amounting to over

Fifteen Million of Dollars.

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IRVING TODD & BRO.

Hastings, March 25, 1865.

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CONSERVER OFFICE.

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Bill-Heads,

Circulars,

Posters,

Etc.,

Printed to Order and at

SHORT NOTICE.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.

IRVING TODD & BRO.

## LEGAL NOTICES.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY VIRTUE OF

An execution issued out of and under the seal of the district court for the first judicial district in and for the county of Dakota and state of Minnesota, upon a judgment rendered in said court on the 22nd day of April A. D., 1865, in an action wherein Eri Cogshall and Charles Etheridge were plaintiffs, and Henry B. Plant, impleaded with Charles Ennis, A. Blackman, James C. Dow, La Fayette Ennis, James Smith, Jr., M. S. Wilkinson, C. H. Parker, Alexander Ramsey, J. P. Owens, J. Q. Ward, J. C. Ramsey, H. L. Moss, R. H. Smith, Frederick Summers, Harwood Igleshart, and J. B. Brinkley, defendants, in favor of said plaintiffs, and against said defendant, Henry B. Plant, for the sum of nine hundred and seventy-seven \$2-100 dollars.

And I have on the 25th day of May, A. D., 1865, levied said execution upon certain real estate lying and being in the county of Dakota, and state of Minnesota, as the real estate of the said defendant, Henry B. Plant, known and described as follows, to-wit: The undivided one-half of the east half of the south-west quarter of section No. thirteen (13), township No. one hundred and thirteen (113), range No. seventeen (17), the undivided one-half of the north-west quarter of section No. twenty-four (24), township No. one hundred and thirteen (113), range No. seventeen (17); the undivided one-half of the north-west quarter of section No. eight (8), township No. one hundred and thirteen (113), range No. seventeen (17); the undivided one-half of the east half of the south-east quarter of section No. one (1), township No. one hundred and thirteen (113), range No. seventeen (17); the north-west quarter of section No. twenty-three (23), township No. one hundred and fourteen (114), range No. seventeen (17); the undivided one-half of forty-five 50-100 acres of lot four (4), section No. [seventeen (17)], township No. one hundred and fifteen (115), range No. seventeen (17); the undivided one-half of the south-east quarter of section No. three (3), township No. one hundred and fourteen (114), range No. eighteen (18); and the undivided one-half of the east half of the north-west quarter of section No. three (3), township No. one hundred and fourteen (114), range No. eighteen (18) west.

And notice is hereby given that at the front door of the sheriff's office in the city of Hastings, in said Dakota county, on the 15th day of July, A. D., 1865, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, I will offer for sale and sell at public vendue to the highest and best bidder for cash the foregoing described real estate with the appurtenances belonging thereto, to satisfy said execution and costs.

Dated this 30th day of June, A. D., 1865.

Sheriff of Dakota Co., Minn.

S. SMITH, Plaintiff's Attorney.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF

Dakota.—ss. Probate Court.

At a special session of the probate court held at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in and for said county of Dakota, this 27th day of May, A. D., 1865. Present Segrave Smith, Judge.

In the matter of the petition of William Tilking praying for the partition of the estate of George W. Stanley, deceased, intestate, to make and execute a conveyance to said petitioner of the following described real estate lying and being situated in the county of Dakota aforesaid, to-wit: commencing at the south-east corner of the south-east quarter of section nine (9), in township twenty-seven (27) west, thence west twenty-four (24) chains, thence north thirty-four (34) degrees, east eight chains and thirteen links, thence north thirty-four (34) degrees east, three chains, and four links, thence east seventeen chains and fifty links, and thence south ten chains to the place of beginning.

On filing said petition it is ordered that the same be heard at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in said county, on the 20th day of June, A. D., 1865, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day. It is further ordered that the time and place of hearing said petition be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order in *The Hastings Conserver*, a newspaper printed and published in the city of Hastings, once in each week for six successive weeks prior to said 20th day of June A. D., 1865.

SEGRAVE SMITH, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF

Dakota.—ss. Probate Court.

At a special session of the probate court held at the probate office in the city of Hastings, in and for said county of Dakota, on the 27th day of May, A. D., 1865. Present Segrave Smith, Judge. In the matter of the petition of George W. Stanley, as the guardian of Caroline E. Stanley, minors, residing in said county, praying for reasons set forth in said petition for a license to sell the following described real estate, belonging to said minors, situated in said county of Dakota, to-wit: The east half of the south-east quarter of section fourteen (14), in township one hundred and thirteen (113), north of range nineteen (19) west.

On reading and filing said petition it is ordered that the next of kin to said wards and all persons interested in their said estate be and they are hereby directed to appear before this court, at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in said county, on the 30th day of June, A. D., 1865, at one o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to show cause if any they have why a license should not be granted to the said George W. Stanley to sell the aforesaid described real estate of said wards.

It is further ordered that notice of the time and place of said hearing be given by publishing a copy of this order in *The Hastings Conserver*, a newspaper printed and published in the city of Hastings, in said county, once in each week for three successive weeks immediately prior to said 30th day of June, A. D., 1865.

SEGRAVE SMITH, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF

Dakota.—ss. Probate Court.

At a special session of the probate court held at the probate office in the city of Hastings, in and for said county of Dakota, on the 27th day of May, A. D., 1865. Present Segrave Smith, Judge. In the matter of the petition of Mary Jackson, the widow of Joseph Jackson, late of said county, deceased, intestate, praying for reasons set forth in said petition that she be appointed as the administratrix of the estate of said deceased.

On reading and filing said petition it is ordered that the same be heard at the probate office, in the city of Hastings, in said county, on the 20th day of June, 1865, at nine o'clock in the forenoon of said day. It is further ordered that notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order in *The Hastings Conserver*, a newspaper printed and published in said city, once in each week for three successive weeks prior to said 20th day of June, A. D., 1865.

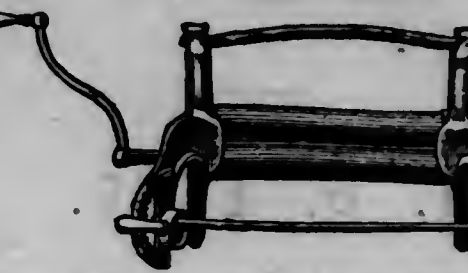
SEGRAVE SMITH, Judge of Probate.

IRVING TODD & BRO.

Hastings, June 13, 1865.

## NEW YORK.

## PUTNAM CLOTHES-WRINGER.



## The Only Reliable Self-Adjusting Wringer.

No wood-work to swell or split. No thumb-screws to get out of order. War-ranted with or without cog-wheels. It took the first premiums at fifty-seven state and county fairs in 1862, and is, without an exception, the best Wringer ever made.

Patented in the United States, England, Canada, and Australia. Agents wanted in every town. Energetic men can make from \$3 to \$10 per day. No. 2, \$6 50; No. 1, \$7 50; No. F, \$8 50; No. A, \$9 50. Manufactured and sold wholesale and retail, by THE PUTNAM MAN. CO., No. 13 Platt Street, New York, and Cleveland, Ohio. S. C. NORTHROP, Agent.

What everybody knows, viz.

That iron well galvanized will not rust. That a simple machine is better than a complicated one.

That a wringer should be self-adjusted, durable, and efficient.

That thumb-screws and fastenings cause delay and trouble to regulate and keep in order.

That wood soaked in hot water will swell, shrink, and split.

That wood bearings for the shaft to run in will wear out.

That the Putnam Wringer, with or without cog-wheels, will not tear the clothes. That cog-wheel regulators are not essential.

That the Putnam Wringer has all the advantages, and not one of the disadvantages above named.

That all who have tested it, pronounce it the best wringer ever made.

That it will wring a thread or a bed-quilt without alteration.

We might fill the paper with testimonials, but insert only a few to convince the skeptical, if such there be, and weary to all, test Putnam's Wringer. Test it thoroughly with any and all others, and if not entirely satisfactory, return it, and we will refund the money.

I know from practical experience that iron well galvanized will not rust or rust unevenly. The Putnam Wringer is as near perfect as possible, and I can cheerfully recommend it to be the best in use. Respectfully yours, J. W. WHEELER, Cleveland, O.

Many years' experience in the galvanizing business enable me to endorse the above statement with all particulars. J. C. LEWIS, Putnam Manufacturing Co., No. 13 Platt Street, New York.

New York, January, 1864.



**\$2 00 PER YEAR.**

of hundred.  
it IRVING TODD & BRO.



## THE CONSERVER.

IRVING TODD & BROS.,  
Proprietors.  
IRVING TODD, JR.,  
Wm. R. TODD.Office Over the Bank of Hastings  
Exchange Block, Second Street.

## The Magnesium Light for Light-Houses.

The London Mechanics' Magazine says: An extensive series of experiments have recently been made in France with a view to testing the suitability of the magnesium light for light-house purposes, and for signaling at sea. The result of these experiments appear to be that, for the applications in question, the light of burning magnesium is not only by far the most effective that we are acquainted with, but also the most convenient, and, even with magnesium at its present comparative high price, by much the cheapest. The only light which in the least approaches it in power is the electric light, but, for equal apparent areas of light-giving surface, the electric arc does not give more than two-thirds as much light as magnesium flame; and whereas the electric light requires for its production very complicated apparatus, difficult of transport, costly to work, and very liable to get out of order. All that is required for the production of the magnesium light is a supply of magnesium wire and a match to light it, while enough magnesium wire to supply a light house for a whole night could easily be carried in a waistcoat pocket. As regards cost, M. Gaudin, of the Bureau des Longitudes, who has gone very minutely into the question, reports that, for signaling at sea, with magnesium at thirty shillings an ounce—its price has been reduced within the last fortnight to twelve shillings an ounce—the magnesium light need cost only one penny per signal for signals visible for twelve miles at noon-day, and for thirty-three miles at night. By means of burning magnesium, the commander of a ship at sea might illuminate the ocean on every side of him, as often as he chose per night, and at a cost of only a few shillings per time, sufficiently to enable him to see any object which at the same distance from him he could see by day, and might thus prevent any vessel which wished to elude him having any better chance of doing so at midnight than at broad noon.

George Augustus Sala, in a letter from Paris, says:—"The latest French bonnet is like Hudibras' story of the bear and the fiddle—began and broke off in the middle. It is a magnificent, yet incomplete work, like Buckle's History of Civilization, or like Don Juan. For ornaments the run is upon steel. The quantity of minute marine stores worn by the fair ladies of France is astounding. After steel comes straw. The ladies appear to have unlatched their old straw bonnets and stuck them all over their dresses. A mantle of jacket festooned with real straw in fantastic devices is much patronized, and imitation straw for fringes is becoming universal: Finally, ermine seems to be really going out, and the robes à queue, or long trains are coming in. The latest and artful plan is to have a petticoat of the same shape as the robe, brief in front and longer behind; and the dress is looped up in front to show the boots, and it is to be presumed, to prevent the fair wearer tripping herself up every second pace or so.

The array of steamships and sailing vessels for Southern ports advertised in the New York papers, is among the most remarkable signs of the times. Even before the war there was nothing to compare with it. The present mercantile steam fleet numbers thirty-five vessels, of which eleven are for New Orleans, two for Savannah, two for Charleston, two for Newbern, two for Wilmington, eight for Norfolk, City Point, etc., eight for Washington, Georgetown, Alexandria, and one for Beaufort. In addition, there is a great number of sailing vessels for the various ports of the late confederacy, making a fleet of seventy vessels, half of which are powerful steamers.

The resignations of volunteer naval officers continue to come in very rapidly. Those volunteer officers who are distinguished themselves, and who are especially efficient, are allowed to remain in service for the present when they desire to do so, to the extent that they can be used in the vessels which are to remain in commission. All sea men and others employed, whose time expires within the next three months, are mustered out immediately upon application.

It is a fact that President Johnson has directed a suspension throughout the South of the sales of rebel landed property for non-payment of direct taxes, ordered by tax commissioners in the several States. It is not known whether such interposition implies a remittance of the penalty of confiscation, or merely a postponement of sale.

A learned coroner in a neighboring county, the other day, being asked how he accounted for the great mortality this year, exclaimed, "I cannot tell there are people dying this year that never died before."

Rumor has it that there is prospect of another addition to the family of General Tom Thumb. It is also said that Commodore Nutt and Miss Minnie Warren are about to be married.

The commissioner of internal revenue has decided that where receipts are made issued in duplicate, both require to be stamped as original.

Mrs. Grundy, the New York comic paper, is announced to appear the 1st of July.

## Striking Oil.

The mental malady, "oil on the brain," at first attacking the citizens of Pennsylvania, had proved contagious, and spread until it reached the furthermost parts of our extensive country.

The result was the formation of hundreds of companies to embark in the problematic speculation which they expected to solve by boring into mother earth, and arriving at the solution in petroleum. The newspaper columns teemed with fabulous statements in regard to the immense fortunes made by certain individuals, and immeasurable quantities of oil that were pouring forth to enrich the owners of wells or certain companies, until one would be led to believe that the inside of the earth was an immense deposit of grease, which "only need to be developed" to remunerate the speculator. One enthusiastic Pennsylvanian, who had amassed a fortune by the lease of lands, devised a plan by which he proposed to turn this account by manufacturing soap for the whole world, with which he would wash out the national debt. The peculiar odor attached to petroleum, we have no doubt, would prove a favorite of the androgyne who render themselves offensive by the use of mud and place this soap upon thousands of toilet tables.

It was in the midst of this excitement that Stephen Harris was attacked by the aforementioned disease. How he caught it is not definitely known; but he was exposed, in a variety of ways, by the conversation of acquaintances who dropped in to see him at his office; the exaggerated and highly-colored accounts in the newspapers; the verbose advertisements of the various companies forming, announcing shares for sale, ranging in value from fifty cents to one hundred dollars; and there was scarce a day but that he received direct appeals to take stock, by circulars which he received through the post-office.

These statements figured immense fortunes, on paper, and showed the prospective receipts, with all the plausibility and, guessing ability of a sharp Yankee.

They turned many an old head; and should we express any astonishment that a comparatively young man like Stephen Harris should not have fallen in with the tide, and imagined a fortune made after the manner of the creation of fairies?

He was not off his feet, beyond his depth in the swift-running current; his mind was not fully made up; he hesitated; he was at the even balance when the weight of influence might turn the scale either way.

It was in just such a mood as this that Stephen Harris left his office and walked thoughtfully towards his home, where his wife and little boy and girl were awaiting his coming to partake with them the evening meal. He was a man of thirty, engaged in manufacturing articles of his own invention, employing some twenty men, and was really adding to a comfortable income. In some instances, "leave the shop behind you" may apply; but Stephen Harris took pleasure in talking over his place and business-matters with his wife. She was the daughter of a highly successful merchant, and partook of his many excellent ideas of business; and her husband found that he possessed, not only an excellent housekeeper, but a business partner; and Mr. Harris resolved the matter in his mind, and presented to himself the pros and cons, he decided to broach the subject to his wife, and let the result of their "talk" decide whether he should invest \$5,000 in a new company just forming, that apparently offered extraordinary inducements to share holders.

His thoughts were so much occupied that his customary salutes to his wife and children were performed with a coolness that was not his wont. Mrs. Harris noted it, but made no remark, being satisfied in her mind of the subject of his thoughts. The supper was dispatched without much interesting conversation, after which Mr. Harris slipped back in his chair, and stroking his beard with one hand, said:

"Wife, Brown and Strong and half a dozen others have been in the office this afternoon urging me to take stock in the Greenback International Petroleum and Mining Company. They are quite confident of success, and are all going to invest. I told them I would decide in the morning, and I want to talk the matter over to you, and let the result we arrive at decide the question. For my part, I don't see how I can resist it much when I follow the example of such uniformly successful men as Brown and Strong."

Then the balance tipped down a little towards buying oil stock.

Mrs. Harris smiled, and then her face resumed its grave look, showing that she considered the question of some weight. "How much do you think of investing, Stephen?" she asked.

"You see I have about what I want to conduct my business easily, and something like five thousand dollars which I consider 'loose change.'"

"Now," said she, "I am going to tell you what I think about it. You mustn't interrupt me; for if you do you will displease the court and subject yourself to its displeasure."

At which Mr. Harris smiled grimly.

"Are you willing to lose five thousand dollars?"

This question took him rather aback, but he stammered out, "Why—why, of course—course not," and would have continued had not his wife put her finger warningly upon his lips.

"Of course you must know that if you venture this five thousand dollars you run the risk of losing it. It's a sort of gambling, you may win largely, but you stand a much greater chance of losing. You have always said it was your ambition to make good provision for old age and our children. The loss of this money now would be a great

## pull-back."

You place great reliance on the judgment of Brown and Strong. I have often heard my father say that they were what business-men call "sharp," and I can recollect when I was a school-girl that these same men got a great many into a speculation in buying some Western land, a city laid out on paper only, and it turned out that the land was so valueless that it would not pay the taxes upon it? They averted public indignation by showing that they had lost money by the operation as well. My father said at the time that he was well enough satisfied that they did not lose one cent, but made large sums out of their dupes; that had he so much of the land given to them for selling a given quantity, and in them I do not see the disinterested stockholders that you do. I think that they are in collusion with New York brokers, from whom they receive a certain per cent, in stock for all they sell, and then, when the stock has reached its zenith, they will sell out."

Mr. Harris twisted nervously in his chair, hitched from side to side, and ran his fingers through his hair; he began to open his eyes a little; the motives of Messrs. Brown and Strong did not look quite so disinterested as they appeared. There was a little bit of personal aggrandizement in the matter; they did seem to have a single eye to themselves.

"My father always said, 'Nothing venture nothing have'; if you expect to reap you must sow, and you have to wait from seedtime to harvest to get a crop. I have thought that you might increase your business, and thus increase your income, besides conferring a benefit to the place by the employment of more men, and the disbursement of money in the neighborhood."

"But how am I going to do this?" broke in Mr. Harris, forgetting his pledge not to interrupt. "My manufactures now are fully up to my sales."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Harris, "you now supply the market as far as your manufactures are known, principally in two or three States, but there is an immense field as yet comparatively untouched; now I have to propose that you risk five hundred instead of five thousand dollars, is an attempt to increase your business, and I think you will find that you can employ your losses change, as you call it, to advantage."

Mrs. Harris continued at some length detailing her ideas, until at length he declared that he was best by the "fair lawyer who took the opposite of the question."

The result was, he told Brown, Strong, and their confederates the next morning that he had decided not to invest in oil-stocks, as he intended to increase his business. They didn't see "how under the sun he could do that."

A few weeks after our visit to Mr. Harris's house, the subjects of our sketch were assembled in their sitting-room, busily engaged. Mrs. Harris was folding and placing in envelopes circulars illustrating and describing the articles manufactured by her husband, while he was directing them from a commercial report to that class of persons who dealt in or could apply to advantage in his line. The venerable postmaster opened his eyes and mouth in unison at the quantities of circulars that Stephen Harris poured into his office, and his call for postage-stamps was so great that the official remarked to his worthy spouse that "if every one bought as many stamps as Steve Harris, the government would soon be able to pay off the national debt. Shortly after, Mr. Harris's receipts of letters began to increase week by week, gradually the number of men in his employ increased, and it began to be remarked that "Steve Harris had struck oil!"

Time passed on, and he persisted in forwarding circulars, and inserting his advertisements in the leading papers, until the sun had expended would have frightened him at the outset, but the result had proven perfectly satisfactory, as persistent and judicious advertising ever does.

"Wife," said Mr. Harris, as he returned from the post office one evening, and threw into her lap a number of letters containing several large orders, "they say up to the office to-night that the Greenback and International Oil and Mining Company had gone up, and is not worth ten cents on a dollar, and that it has caused some failures in this State, and will affect some seriously here, among them young Howland the grocer."

"I am really sorry," said Mrs. Harris, as she thought what might have been, "they are young folks, and it will be hard upon them. I suppose that Brown and Strong haven't any of the stock on their hands."

"Oh, not that!" Brown congratulated me this evening on the increase of my business, and said, by the way Harris, you were a lucky fellow not to go into that oil-speculation. Strong and I thought we'd get out of the thing—'lucky weren't we, my boy!'"

"The land speculation repeated."

"Yes; just as you prophesied; and I have learned the lesson that one can strike oil' as well at home, or in his legitimate business, as in Pennsylvania; or by investment of money in uncertain speculations."

The public may be surprised to learn the number of letters which are now being received at the dead letter office, sent there under the new law, which makes pre-payment of postage compulsory. It amounts to more than 15,000 per week. The public should remember the old law, allowing letters not pre-paid to be sent forward according to the address and double postage collected of the receiver, has been repealed, and that now every letter sent out to be carried through the mails free must have a stamp upon it or it is sent to the dead letter office.

## Choosing a Physician.

There is an Eastern story of a certain prince who had received from a fairy the faculty of not only assuming whatever appearance he thought proper, but of discerning the wandering spirits of the departed. He had long labored under a painful chronic disease, that none of the court physicians, ordinary or extraordinary, could relieve; and he resolved to wander about the streets of his capital until he could find some one, regular or irregular, who could alleviate his sufferings. For this purpose he donned the garb and appearance of a derelict. As he was passing through one of the principal streets, he was surprised to see so thronged with ghosts, that had they been still inhabitants of their former earthly tenements, they must have obstructed the thoroughfare. But what was his amazement and dismay when he saw that they were all grouped with anxious looks round the door of his royal father's physician, haunting, no doubt, the man to whom they attributed their untimely doom. Shocked with the sight, he hurried to another part of the city, where resided another physician of the court, holding the second rank in fashionable estimation. Alas! his gateway was also surrounded with reproachful departed patients. Thunderstruck at such a discovery, and returning thanks to the prophet that he was still in being, despite the practice of these great men, he resolved to submit all the other renowned practitioners to a similar visit; and he was grieved to find that the scale of ghosts kept pace with the scale of their medical rank. Harris, who was especially those who are at a distance, always look for such notices, and always expect to find every such occurrence in the newspaper, and they are right in supposing that they should be there. But how is it possible for such events to be chronicled unless people will take pains to hand them to the printer. It is not possible for an editor to know who gets married, or who dies, unless he is informed. It is therefore the duty of all clerical men and magistrates upon marrying a couple to furnish a notice of the event to every newspaper in the place where the ceremony is performed; and it is equally the duty of the friends of deceased persons to give notice of their deaths. People, and especially those who are at a distance, always look for such notices, and always expect to find every such occurrence in the newspaper, and they are right in supposing that they should be there. But how is it possible for such events to be chronicled unless people will take pains to hand them to the printer. It is not possible for an editor to know who gets married, or who dies, unless he is informed. It is therefore the duty of all clerical men and magistrates upon marrying a couple to furnish a notice of the event to every newspaper in the place where the ceremony is performed; and it is equally the duty of the friends of deceased persons to give notice of their deaths.

Some weeks since we called the attention of our readers to the statement of a young man, a confectioner, in which it was asserted that very much of the candy offered in this city and others, and largely consumed by children, had, as its leading ingredient, a white earth, commonly called terra alba.

Since the publication of the confectioner's communication, we have made inquiry into the process of preparing candy, and have found that there are five or six houses in this city largely engaged in its manufacture, that use from four to five hundred thousand pounds per annum of calcareous earth. This earth is brought from England as a by-product, and sold at from two and a half cents per pound. When the candy is fresh it is difficult of detection, except that it is wanting in sweetness, but when old it becomes exceedingly hard, and can only be softened by dissolving in water or some other liquid. Terra alba is principally used in roll candies. In almond drops it will be found in larger proportion than in any other form of confectionery. It is broken in pieces that will be found on examination that the outer coating is simply glazed with sugar, and all between the coating and almond will be found to be white earth—we are speaking of common or cheap candies—which, when precipitated into water, will collect at the bottom of the vessel in the form of sediment. When we remember how much of this earth is manufactured annually in this city into candy alone, principally consumed by children, can we wonder at the diseases under which a preponderant portion of the non-adult population are constantly laboring? The insidious, tasteless—but for the saccharine coating—earth readily dissolves in the mouth, and in passing into the stomach concretes and remains, to its great injury, often producing inflammation of the lining of that important organ of the system. We do not know that the attention of the medical faculty has ever been seriously called to this matter, but we are persuaded that many of the often fatal diseases under which children labor would, if intelligently examined, be found to have had their origin in this "earth-candy."—*Phil. Item.*

A sprightly contemporary thus sensibly discourses on the value of liberal advertising, the truth of which has only to be tried to be rightly appreciated:

"You see goods are like gals—they must go when they are in fashion and good looking, or a young man will not draw them off afterwards. The man that advertises most does the most business, because he don't make one stock last a lifetime. I know a merchant of this district who has imported three batches of goods within a year from Europe, and now he's nearly sold out again. How does he and his partner dispose of so many goods? They advertise more than all the rest put together, that's how! I will prove it. If you want to borrow money—if you want to lend money—if you want a farm to rent—if you have one to sell—advertise. If your horse, pig, goat, sheep, or oxen go astray, advertise them altogether and avoid having to pay as much as they are worth in charges for keeping."

If you are a shoemaker, tailor, blacksmith, engraver, or any kind of useful mechanic, show the people that you are not ashamed of being a mechanic, by advertising. If you keep a hotel make it known. When people see a man advertising they know he is a business man. Some want to sell—some want to buy, and the only way to meet these wants and make money, is to advertise. Advertising is like money—if followed up. Merchant think nothing of paying five dollars for a sign with nothing but one name on it. Well what do you think of having \$8,000 worth of signs in newspapers? In it you show your whole establishment to the country everywhere.

If you are wise, Just rub your eyes, And go to work and advertise."

A man is not qualified for his life-duty till he has graduated in the high-school of a true woman's heart.

## "Local Items."

One of the most attractive features of a country newspaper is its local department, and upon taking up a newspaper the first thing a person does is to glance over its local columns. If this column happens to be blank, the paper is thrown down and pronounced good for nothing. The people who do this, however, never stop to think that perhaps they are partially to blame for the lack of interest in the paper by not helping the editor to gather items. There are a great many things transpiring daily of interest to the public, which editors in their offices know nothing about, which it is the duty of some persons to report, and if people fail to assist in this way they ought not to grumble at a dry local column. There is one thing in this line which people are particularly remiss, and it is one of the chief attractions of a local column. We refer to marriages and deaths. People, and especially those who are at a distance, always look for such notices, and always expect to find every such occurrence in the newspaper, and they are right in supposing that they should be there. But how is it possible for such events to be chronicled unless people will take pains to hand them to the printer. It is not possible for an editor to know who gets married, or who dies, unless he is informed. It is therefore the duty of all clerical men and magistrates upon marrying a couple to furnish a notice of the event to every newspaper in the place where the ceremony is performed; and it is equally the duty of the friends of deceased persons to give notice of their deaths.

Some weeks since we called the attention of our readers to the statement of a young man, a confectioner, in which it was asserted that very much of the candy offered in this city and others, and largely consumed by children, had, as its leading ingredient, a white earth, commonly called terra alba.

Since the publication of the confectioner's communication, we have made inquiry into the process of preparing candy, and have found that there are five or six houses in this city largely engaged in its manufacture, that use from four to five hundred thousand pounds per annum of calcareous earth. This earth is brought from England as a by-product, and sold at from two and a half cents per pound. When the candy is fresh it is difficult of detection, except that it is wanting in sweetness, but when old it becomes exceedingly hard, and can only be softened by dissolving in water or some other liquid. Terra alba is principally used in roll candies. In almond drops it will be found in larger proportion than in any other form of confectionery. It is broken in pieces that will be found on examination that the outer coating is simply glazed with sugar, and all between the coating and almond will be found to be white earth—we are speaking of common or cheap candies—which, when precipitated into water, will collect at the bottom of the vessel in the form of sediment. When we remember how much of this earth is manufactured annually in this city into candy alone, principally consumed by children, can we wonder at the diseases under which a preponderant portion of the non-adult population are constantly laboring? The insidious, tasteless—but for the saccharine coating—earth readily dissolves in the mouth, and in passing into the stomach concretes and remains, to its great injury, often producing inflammation of the lining of that important organ of the system. We do not know that the attention of the medical faculty has ever been seriously called to this matter, but we are persuaded that many of the often fatal diseases under which children labor would, if intelligently examined, be found to have had their origin in this "earth-candy."—*Phil. Item.*

It is a noticeable fact that actors of the present day, as a general thing, among the most prudent and saving of our citizens. Many of our popular dramatic performers have invested their profits in real estate. Some prefer city houses; others buy farms. The German opera singers all take to buying farms as ducks take to water, and when their voices fail will find repose and money in rearing chickens and cultivating cabbage gardens.

Pleasure, of what kind soever, is but an agreement between the object and the faculty. This description, if well applied, will give us the true height of ourselves, and tell us what size we are. If little things will please us, we may conclude that we are none of the biggest people. Children are as well known by their diversions, as by their stature.

—*Jersey Collier.*

He who, in his perplexity, resorts to falsehood, may seem secure for a little while, but is sure to be soon overwhelmed with greater perplexity than before, just as the man who, in a shower, takes refuge under a tree, is protected at first, and then finds himself worse drenched than ever.

For a grand nature in ruins we may have a mournful and tender reverence. For a nature which we thought grand, but which proved to be petty, we have only contempt.

## Iron Minium.

Iron minium, a coloring matter founded on the iron principle, is destined to supplant red lead and other pigments that have been used until now for coloring wood, iron, and other metals. The advantages of iron minium are, in solidity, durability, cheapness, and, above all, its property of preserving the iron completely from oxidation, and of hardening the wood. These qualities, now acknowledged by first rate manufacturers, have assured the fullest success to the iron minium, which is advantageously employed all over Europe in the largest manufactories and sugar works, as well as by the railway and steam navigation companies.

The great solidity of this new paint is principally due to its extreme purity. It contains no acid, no adulteration, and is therefore superior to lead minium, which contains always some sulphuric acid, in small quantity, it is true, but quite enough to attack the iron and to eat into it, after a very short space of time.

Iron minium forms a very smooth and stripeless coat upon the iron, varnishing, as it were, the metal, and preventing the atmospheric influence from having any action upon the point.

It results from statements made by eminent English and French chemists and engineers, that the use of red lead and generally of all preparations in which lead is employed, is injurious to the iron coating with it. They examined vessels in which the iron, after one single voyage to the East Indies, was visibly corroded, and blisters discovered on the coating itself, containing a clear liquid, and exposing thus the iron which presents a certain number of metallic crystals. Each blister was found to be a sort of galvanic battery, and corrosion in such a case is always a chemical action going on, whenever electricity is produced. This phenomenon must needs continue so long as there remains any red lead, in consequence of the immediate contact of the lead paint with the metallic surface. Red lead, therefore, as well as any other lead pigments, ought to be completely excluded from the paint of iron vessels. The best result, therefore, has been obtained by coating with iron minium the exterior and the interior of iron vessels.

Iron minium has been tried by first-rate manufacturers, and always with the greatest satisfaction; it is employed in the most important building yards, for sugar works, for railway and steam navigation, for the prisons of Belgium and other countries; it has been adopted by the great public services, civil and military, in almost all the countries of Europe.

Iron minium is also preferred for the undercoat of all the running railway material, the painting inside and outside of the wagons, as well as for the under and upper part of carriages. Locomotives, tenders, and iron and wooden bridges are all, with great advantage, coated by this medium. It also covers usefully all kinds of tarpaulins.

The iron minium is employed the same as all other paints, with boiled or unboiled linseed oil; if the oil is not boiled, some dryers must be added, for instance, litharge or any good siccative, but not turpentine. For iron vessels, or any works exposed to the contact of salt water, it is necessary to take boiled flax oil, and not employ litharge, but a good siccative, and not to expose the object of the action of the water before the painting is perfectly dry.

Iron minium mixes easily with other colors, such as black, yellow, green, etc., and by so doing a variety of other colors is obtained, to the convenience of persons who would not like the dark brown of the iron minium paint. It has been proved by experiments that the iron minium paint lasts twice and even three times as long as red paint.

Iron minium has also been employed for the painting of sugar vats, standers of iron plate or cast-iron rollers, and all kinds of steam engines; it resists generally the strongest heat. Mixed with mineral tar, it forms an excellent coat for wooden vessels, since it hardens the wood to a remarkable degree. It is most remarkable for gas tubes.

It is another important advantage of this paint, that mixed without oil there is no apparent alteration, while red lead, when it remains a few days not used, shows some spots not to be reduced, and brought forward by the influence of the oil on the oxide of lead. The iron minium paint is to be applied in several layers; the first ought to be thin, the second a little thicker. The proportions of the mixture are as follows: one pound of iron minium to be ground with one and a half per cent of boiled or unboiled flax oil, to be added one twentieth part of dryer.—*London Practical Medical Journal.*

The body has to die. No one who passes the charmed boundary comes back to tell. The imagination visits the land of shadows—sent out from some window in the soul over life's restless waters, but wings its way back, with no olive leaf in its beak as a token of emerging life, beyond the closely bonding horizon. The sun comes and goes in the heavens, yet breathes no secret of eternal wilderness. The crescent moon cleaves her nightly passage across the upper deep, but tosses overboard no signals, the sentinel stars challenge each other as they walk their nightly rounds, but we catch no syllable of their conversation which gives passage to the heavenly camp. Between this and the other life there is a great gulf fixed across which neither foot nor eye can travel. The gentle friend whose eyes we closed in their last sleep long years ago, died with rapture in her wonder-stricken eyes, a smile of ineffable joy upon her lips, and hands folded over a triumphant heart, but her lips were past speech, and intimated nothing of the vision that enthralled her.—*J. G. Holland.*

The price of virtue, like that of liberty, is eternal vigilance.

## AGRICULTURAL.

Sheep.  
We have some acquaintance with a purchaser of wool who was called upon by a farmer who had about twenty fleeces of wool for sale, some of them were Coswold and Leicester cross, others were nearly pure merino. The long wool about an inch from the bottom of the staple was coated, the bottom being perfectly free. The merino not being so apt to coat was very weak at that point, the wool being grown up to the place already described. The purchaser remarked to the farmer, "You have an excellent pasture; your sheep came up in the fall in an excellent condition; but you put them upon very poor feed as soon as they got into winter quarters; you fed them upon nothing but very poor hay till near lambing time, then you improved their feed to a considerable degree, and continued it till they were turned out to grass." The man at first denied the whole, saying that the sheep were well fed through the whole of the winter. The purchaser, however, firmly maintained his position, offering to send a man to make inquiries of his hired man. When he found a farther denial was of no avail, he asked very earnestly: "How did you know about it? You were not there to see." The purchaser of the wool showed him how every fleece was affected just at the same point of growth, and how seriously it had injured his wool, besides materially lessening the weight of the fleece. As the feed was improved the wool began to grow free again, leaving the root considerably up in the staple. A similar result is sometimes caused by sickness; but in this case every fleece being alike affected and at the same place, it was conclusive evidence that it was caused by poor feed.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Heavy Days.  
Farmers more than any other class of men, perhaps, are very apt to say covertly to themselves when they wake in the morning and find it raining, with a prospect of its raining all day—"Well, let it rain. I don't care much. There is nothing very hurrying on hand. I can rest to-day."

Now that is a mistake—that "nothing very hurrying." All days are hurrying days just at this particular season. Take a look into your through the tool department. The possibility is there will be found work for two or three rainy days—work that is hurrying too. Just as likely as not there is the horse rake, put by in the condition it was used last—a tooth wanting, and one of the handles loose. Put that rake in working order. Then there is the mowing-machine as it was rolled in here after last season's harvesting. The cutters dull as an old hoe, a guide or two missing, a rod bent, several nuts loose, and the seat shakily. Grind up guides, straighten rods, put to new guides and secure the seat. You will want the machine afield in a few days.

Look along further among the farming implements—you will find plenty to occupy you, and a hired man or two besides. Never idle away a rainy day, particularly in haying and harvesting time. There is always enough to be done if you'll only look it up.

Irish Proverbs.  
Men of straw don't make the best bricks. It's a narrow bed that has no turning. When money is seen flying out of the window, it's poverty that comes in at the door. The pig that places to live must live to please. One man may steal a hedge, whereas another aren't even as much as look at a horse. Short rents make long friends; and it holds good equally with your clothes. Money makes the gentleman, the want of it the blackguard. When wise men fall on their roguish come by what is not their own.

The temptation to a farmer to turn his stock into his meadow both in fall and spring is great. But it is a mistaken policy? If the grass could be allowed to grow after haying time until winter, and, at the same time, slowly rot, the annual crop of hay would be much increased. If the regular pastures give out, provide some fresh cut feed for the stock. The best way for spring feed is roots; for summer and fall, corn sown broadcast at intervals through the summer and cut up green as wanted.

To fatten poultry cheaply so that it will be tender and juicy, mingle equal quantities of wheat flour and Indian corn meal together; and wet the mass with boiling water, and let the fowls have access to clean water and boiled potatoes. Prepare a fresh batch for them every morning. By allowing them to have access to food at all times, they all consume less and fatten faster than they will to feed them several times a day. Fowls need food very often, but a little at a time, in order to fatten fast.

Pigs designed for pork meat fall should be separated from the sows as soon as they will eat readily. Keep them in moderately close quarters, as when running about in large enclosures, they will expend a great deal of material, without aiding proportionately to their growth. There is nothing better than milk, oat or barley meal, and wheat flour unboiled, to make pigs grow. It is sometimes more economical to feed wheat flour than oatmeal to pigs. Wheat is chiefly valuable as manure makers, see that they have enough muck, sods, weeds, etc., to work over.

Keep calves in clean and dry yards or pens, and mow a little grass daily for them. June is one of the best months to commence improvements in neat cattle. Where calves are allowed to suck, put a little wheat flour in one end of a small trough, and salt in the other end, where calves can reach it.











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## President Abuse and President Murder.

It will be a long time before the horror of that "crime without a name," committed on Good Friday last, dies out of the heart of the American people. If it serves to cure one crying folly and wrong, of which, as a people, we have been grossly guilty, it will have turned a great evil into at least a partial good. That folly and wrong has been the wild abuse, which, with unlicensed tongue and pen, we have been accustomed to heap on all men in authority, from the highest to the lowest. It is, perhaps, not unfair to say, that the crime of the miserable assassin of President Lincoln is the natural culmination of such license made familiar to us all for years.

A free press is a blessing. And a press must be enjoyed with all its risks. One risk is, that its freedom may degenerate into licentiousness. Free speech is good. But free speech may descend to abuse and scandal. Political parties, in a free government, are good, for they watch each other. But their proper, jealous opposition may degenerate into foul-mouthed partisanship.

We have had the good. We have had the evil, too, for years. It is simply shocking to consider the abuse, the vile names, the foul charges, the unmeasured denunciations, heaped, for years past by his political opponents, on the head of every man who has filled the chair of Washington. Every name that could suggest contempt, every accusation that could create odium, every careless charge of dishonesty or meanness or crime, has been invented and blazoned in the columns of a free press, and reiterated in the exercise of a "free speech" from end to end of the land against the supreme executive. There was no restraint in decency, in consistency, in common honesty, in respect for the nation's dignity. After the man was solemnly chosen, sifted out by free choice and set up by the people's free vote, it was considered quite a matter of course to represent him as the vilest, silliest, or wickedest man in the whole nation. Men passed universal suffrage, and then set to work deliberately, to proclaim that, every four years, universal suffrage put in the hands of the nation, or the greatest fool in the land at the head of the nation! They praised a government by the people, and then proclaimed that the result of such government was the habitual elevation, to the highest place, of the most utter incapacity or the sheerest dishonesty! The case, we say, was no worse with Mr. Lincoln than it had been with his predecessors. Only it was made worse by the cause of the circumstances under which he exercised his high office. It seemed as if there might be in his case, considering the dark road the nation walked in, the gloom of the terrible days of trial, some consideration, even in the bitterest political opponents, "for chief of perplexity and people's pain," to restrain the licentious pen and the foul and bitter tongue.

But the habit had become ingrained. It was not easily broken. It had been patiently cultivated by all political parties. Unlimited abuse of those in authority, by the party that opposed them, had been, for years, the rule. The rule could not be broken through at once. Men had forgotten that words are things. They played with them like madmen with firebrands. What wonder that one, madder than the rest, should translate the words in *dead's* Call your ruler scoundrel, tyrant, unbecomely wretch, and the rest, long enough and loud enough, and it is not strange that some one should, at last, believe you, and undertake to relieve the world of his presence.

President murder is the not unnatural result of president abuse, practiced now for thirty years, to our utter shame. Each political party, in its turn, has been equally guilty. Its partisan presses and partisan speakers have been restrained by no decency and no truth. The nation has become corrupted in consequence. Respect, decent reverence for authority, even common fairness in regard to men in responsible positions, have been forgotten. Only the other day, a vile story about President Johnson, with no trustworthy evidence, on mere "reporters' gossip," was greedily caught up and cried over the land, and printed, even in "religious papers," with the usual prosy moralizing and the usual assumption that the unproved charge was true!

Shall the murder of the late president shock the nation into decency in this matter? Shall we learn to treat respectfully the men we ourselves elevate to places of trust? Shall we speak fairly of those whom a great nation solemnly chooses as its leaders? Shall we be slow to charge folly or crime on the ruler of our people?

And shall we cease to make the world wonder that we persistently select, on our own confession, the basest men for the highest offices?

We churchmen, who carry in our prayers to the King of kings, "Thy servant the president of the United States," we, at least, should speak and write respectfully and decently—yes, reverently—of the man we habitually pray for.—*Northwestern Church.*

At the beginning of the war, certain classes of democrats collected copper cents and had them converted into breast-pins, to show that they were "Copperheads." Won't these gentlemen put on their badges and turn out in a body on the Fourth?

All honorably discharged soldiers have been granted the privilege of retaining their arms at the following rate: Muskets ten dollars, carbines eight dollars, and three dollars.

## A Masonic Funeral.

The first masonic funeral that ever took place in California, occurred in the year 1840, and was performed over the body of a brother found drowned in the bay of San Francisco. An account of the ceremonies states that upon the body of the deceased was found a silver mark of rank master, upon which were engraved the initials of his name. A little further investigation revealed to the holders the most entire exhibition of masonic emblems that were ever drawn by the ingenuity of man on human skin. There is nothing in the history or traditions of freemasonry equal to it. Beautifully dotted on his left arm, in red or blue ink, which time could not efface, appeared all the emblems of the entered apprentice. There were the Holy Bible, the square and compass, the twenty-four inch gauge, and the common gavel. There were also the mosaic pavement representing the ground floor of King Solomon's temple, the indented tessellated surround, and the blazing star in the center. On his right arm, and artistically executed in the same indelible liquids, were the emblems appertaining to the fellow craft degree, viz: the plumb, the square, and the level. There were also five columns, representing the five orders of architecture—the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite.

In removing the garments from his body, the trowel presented itself, with all the other working tools of operative masonry, besides all the emblems peculiar to the degree of master mason. Conspicuously on his breast were the great lights of masonry. Over his heart was the pot of incense. On other parts of his person were the bee hive, the book of constitutions, guarded by the tiler's sword; the sword pointing to a naked heart, the all-seeing eye; the altar and ark, the hour glass, the scythe, the forty-seventh problem of Euclid; the sun, moon, stars, and a comet; the three steps, emblematical of youth, manhood, and age. Admirably executed was the weeping virgin, reclining on a broken column, upon which lay the book of constitutions. In her left hand she held the pot of incense, the masonic emblem of a pure heart, and in her uplifted right hand a sign of adieu, the beautiful emblem of immortality of the soul. Immediately beneath her, stood winged time with his scythe by his side, "which cuts the brittle thread of life," and the hour glass at his feet, which is ever reminding us that "our lives are drawing to a close." The withered and attenuated fingers of the destroying were delicately placed among the long, gracefully flowing ringlets of the disconsolate mourner. It was a spectacle such as masons never saw before, and in all probability, such as the fraternity may never witness again. The brother's name was never known.

## Serving Them Just Right.

Goodness in the east, where offices are on Wall and Pine Streets, and whose safes are full of bonds of western railroads, and whose thoughts are upon coupons maturing the first of July, will likely in several instances be disappointed if their collateral be on western railroads. Owing to the grasping policy of some roads, the spring business will not foot up enough to pay expenses and stealings. On the La Crosse and Milwaukee or Milwaukee and St. Paul railway in particular, we never saw cars running so light. The elevator at this place is doing no more than six laborers could do—but little freight is coming west over the line—where forty cars went east from this city last spring at this time laden with wheat not five now.

The efforts of the management to make a show of business and make a little money from earnings is like that of the man who sought to live by drinking copiously of blood from his own veins. The employees are paid in scrip, which officers of the road buy in for seventy-five cents on the dollar. To gain business a novel plan for cutting rates has been adopted. Scrip is issued to certain favored shippers and redeemed at a premium varying from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. But somehow or other these efforts fail to gain freight, for the simple reason that the tariff is so outrageously high, business men cannot or will not stand the robbery. Eastern bond holders are led to believe that the wheat is still back—that it will soon start forward, and that in a few days the golden stream will begin its voluminous flow, and the earnings of the road be as of yore. But that day is far distant except there be a change in railroad management. Every day thousands of bushels of wheat are going past this city on heavily laden barges belonging to lower river lines. Till this season the great bulk of this grain has gone east by cars from the city, and there is no reason short of bungling short sightedness somewhere that it should not have done so this season. But it is too late now, for in most instances contracts have been made for the season by lower lines.—*La Crosse Democrat.*

A Mobile clergyman went to Gen. Granger, and asked him if he proposed to compel the rebel clergy to pray for Andrew Johnson? "Compel you?" was the general's reply: "why, if your prayers don't do the president of the United States any more good than they have to Jeff Davis, it's no sort of consequence about your prayers any way. The person took a new view of the subject."

A couple in Richmond were desirous of getting married, but no license could be issued, as the state was unorganized and the courts inoperative. In this dilemma the swain applied to Gov. Pierpont, who addressed a letter to the clergyman, directing him to tie the knot, and pointedly adding, "The great command, Genesis 1, 22, cannot be disobeyed for want of proper local officers to grant the license."

Somebody says the most difficult ascent is getting up a subscription.

## All Ready for a Duel.

Our regiment was stationed at Morton's Ford. Our colonel had been shot by an Indian guerrilla, and our lieutenant colonel had gone home sick, so the command devolved upon our major, whose name was Farrell. He was a middle aged, dashing fellow, given to social enjoyment; on good terms with himself, and, as a general thing, keeping on pretty good terms with those about him. He was naturally free and easy; a fine soldier, and a strict disciplinarian. He was a kind-hearted, generous man, though troubled with a temper that led him into error at times.

Major Farrell had been in command but a few weeks, when he concluded to send for his wife to come and stop with him through the summer. He had comfortable and commodious quarters, and there was little danger that the Indians would make another attack.

I was away on a foraging expedition when Mrs. Farrell arrived; and was returned on the following day, and was in season to attend the party which the major gave on the occasion. The staff and line officers, not kept away on duty, were all present, and joy and merriment ruled the hour.

Mrs. Farrell was younger than her husband; a handsome portly woman, bearing herself with peculiar grace and dignity, without any effort to show or attract. She assumed no needless reserve, but treated her guests with kindness and consideration, seeming only anxious that all should feel at home and enjoy themselves.

In that far-off region, the laws of total abstinence were not strictly adhered to; and on the present occasion we not only emptied many bottles of wine, but sundry bottles of old bourbon were included in the bill of fare. Toward midnight the ladies withdrew; but the officers were not quite ready to retire.

The major was in the highest spirits; and song and story, with flowing goblets, gave us occupation. By and by I proposed a toast, "Mrs. Major Farrell," and it was drunk with three cheers. Why in the world the major should have taken offense, I could not comprehend; but he did so, and intimated that I had better not make too free with his wife's name.

"Egad," I replied, without stopping to weigh my words, "if you must have your handsome lady as sacred as that, you ought not to have brought her out here."

"Captain Willett," he cried, rising to his feet, "if you breathe the lady's name again I'll kick you from my quarters."

I had started up from my seat, when Lieut. Walker, who was sitting by my side, pulled me back.

"Zounds," he uttered, in a hurried whisper, "don't say another word. The old major's mad and he's a bit jealous, too. Can't you see it?"

As Walker spoke, it flashed upon me that Mrs. Farrell had been very attentive to me. She had danced with me four or five times, and had promenade with me upon the piazza.

But I could not bear such language as Major Farrell had addressed to me, and, in spite of my friend's remonstrance, I retorted upon him. My blood was heated with whiskey, and I cared no more for the commanding officer at that time than I would have cared for a drummer boy.

"By—sir!" I replied, with an oath, which I need not repeat here, "you would have a fine time kicking me out! Perhaps you had better try it now!"

The major sprang towards me, and caught me by the collar. I thought at the time that he meant to strike; but I was subsequently convinced that he did not. But I struck him—I struck him upon the cheek with the flat of my hand.

With a hissing oath, he drew a pistol from his pocket, but before he could use it the adjutant caught him by the arm or three or four of my friends hurried me from the room and led me to my quarters.

On the following morning, I awoke with anything but a pleasant feeling, when I remembered what had transpired during the previous night. I felt wretched enough. I cursed the wine cup and the whiskey bottle from the bottom of my heart, and inwardly resolved that I would touch the stuff no more. Still I was forced to take a stiff toddy to steady my nerves, and after I had dressed myself, I sat down to a cup of coffee. I was thus engaged when my adjutant, Mr. Bower, entered my quarters. I bade him good morning, and asked him if he would not take some breakfast with me.

"Not now," said he, shaking his head, "I have called upon business. Ah, captain, this is a bad affair. You remember, that you struck the major last night?"

"Yes—I remember it very well—remember it to well."

"He expects you will make an apology," pursued the adjutant.

"And if I do not?"

"Then you must fight him."

"You were present, Bower, during the entire scene?"

"Yes."

"Then I wish you to tell me the truth, for I am forced to confess that my brain was on a bit of a whirl last night. First, did I, in my toast to Mrs. Farrell, give him the least occasion for ill feeling?"

"I could see none, captain; but you remember that he had been drinking."

"Exactly—and in that we were even. And now—did he not, in the presence of the whole company, threaten to kick me from his quarters?"

"Yes."

"And did he not lay his hands upon me before I struck him?"

"I cannot be positive; but I think he did."

"Then," said I, drinking the last of my coffee, "I shall make no apology."

"You will remember, captain," suggested Bower, "that the major is a

dead shot, and that in the handling of the sword he has no superior."

I cared nothing at all about that. I knew the temper of our officers, and I knew I should be held in light esteem if I allowed the major to back me down.

Once more Bower asked me if I would apologize.

I told him most emphatically, "No."

"Then," he added, "I have instructions to deliver this note."

He handed me an unsealed missive, which I found to be a challenge; and by it it was informed that adjutant Bower was empowered to make all necessary arrangements.

After dinner I sat down alone to arrange my affairs. I wrote several letters, which I sealed and enclosed, in a single envelope, to be sent off by my clerks in case I should fall. My property I gave into Walker's charge, with instructions how to dispose of it.

When matters had been thus arranged, it was well towards evening, and taking a light cane in my hand I walked out for a breath of fresh air.

Not far from the camp was Morgan's Falls, a wild romantic spot, where the water of the river scrambled over a huge bed of broken rocks; and towards this spot I bent my steps. Just above the falls was a bridge of logs, from which could be obtained one of the grandest scenes that ever blessed the eyes of an artist. As I reached the summit of a eminence near the falls, I saw a woman and child standing upon the bridge.

I lost sight of them for a time, but, as I descended into the shrubbery, I was just emerging from the thicket, when a sharp piercing cry of agony broke upon my ear. I sprang to the bridge, and there I saw the woman—alone.

She was wringing her hands and shrieking like a creature in pain. I was not many seconds in comprehending the truth. Below the bridge, floating on the troubled waters, I saw the child, its spreading garments buoying it up; and I could hear the tiny voice calling, "Mamma! Mamma!"

There was not a moment to lose. The child was going nearer to the falls—nearer and nearer to its death! It was a fearful risk for me to take, but I had better risk for me to take than to see the child go over into the hissing, boiling surge below the rocks. But, what was the risk to me then? If I died in the river I should not stand in the way of Major Farrell's bullet. I had better a thousand times give up my life than thus throw it away in a duel. The woman saw me and appealed to me for help; but my coat was off before she had disengaged me, and in a moment I was in the water, striking out with all my power.

The child was half way from the bridge to the falls when I started; but I swam rapidly, and caught it just at the point where the waters began to gather for the plunge. It was a girl, not more than three or four years old, with bright golden ringlets, large blue eyes, and a face like a cherub. She clasped her little arms about my neck, and called me papa.

"O, papa—good papa—don't let Kitty go into the wicked place down there!"

With all my might I held up the child, and struck for the shore; but it was not to be. I had been drawn into a most striking proof that the pen is not the weapon of mercy. Not many years ago, friends will remember, he was indeed poor and unfortunate. But he clung most faithfully to the spirit that moved him, and worked right valiantly over all doubt and difficulty until his ideal was as perfect, and no handsomer home looks down upon the Connecticut valley than the elegant, tasteful, and cheerful "Brightwood," the home of his own planning. It is located in the Springfield, Massachusetts, upon a beautiful rise of ground that commands a view of surpassing loveliness. Should you pass up that long drive-way that leads through the forest to the doorway, you would not think that authorship is the road to misfortune. And should you meet there the doctor himself, and receive the cordial welcome he can give, you would think only of a wealth such as any one might well envy, and a happiness that few homes below "Brightwood" is all bright and beautiful.

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